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{ From Beginning
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MARGARET.

BY AUGUSTUS TAYLOR.

I.

INTO the garden I walked; ne'er had I seen
 her before,
 Under a budding white rose she stood in the
 shade of the door.
 Quiet and pale was her face, but maidenly
 bright were her eyes,
 Fair as the newly-born moon when low in the
 easterly skies.
 There as I stood by her side my spirit grew
 happy and free;
 Would I had said what I thought, that none
 would I marry but thee!
 The far-off bells were tolling, for 'twas some
 one's funeral-day,
 And in the meadows close by the mowers
 were mowing the hay.

2.

Into the garden I walked; but once had I
 seen her before;
 Vacant and still was the house, wide open was
 standing the door.
 Then silent and listening I went up to the
 curtainless bed,
 Where she lay shrouded in white, all winterly,
 lonely, and dead;
 There was a look on her face, as if she'd been
 thinking of me.
 "Dear Margaret," then whispered I, "none
 will I marry but thee!"
 And the far-off bells were ringing, for 'twas
 some one's wedding-day,
 And in the meadows close by the mowers
 were mowing the hay.

3.

Silent and dark was yon lake, as under the
 desolate hill,
 Lit by no gleam from the sky, it slumbered
 there, dreary and still,
 Till, with its swallow-like wing, the wind in
 its wandering flight
 Touched into music the reeds, and broke it in
 ripples of light.
 Silent and dark was my heart, till suddenly
 thrilled by the tone
 Tender and pure of the voice which told me I
 was not alone.
 Yet how I long to be dead, when'er, on a
 calm summer day,
 The far-off bells are ringing, and the mowers
 are mowing the hay!

Spectator.

TO A GREEK GIRL.

(AFTER A WEEK OF LANDOR'S "HELLENICS.")

WITH thymy breath and bees that hum,
 Across the years you seem to come, —
 Across the years with nymph-like head,
 And wind-blown brows unfileted;

A girlish shape that slips the bud
 In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
 A girlish shape that stirs the blood
 With pulse of Spring, Autonoë!

Where'er you pass, where'er you go,
 I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
 Where'er you go, where'er you pass,
 There comes a gladness on the grass;
 You bring blithe airs where'er you tread, —
 Blithe airs that blow from hill and sea;
 You wake in me a Pan not dead, —
 Not wholly dead! — Autonoë!

How sweet with you on some green sod
 To wreathe some rustic garden-god;
 How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
 With you to weave a basket-braid;
 To watch across the stricken chords
 Your rosy twinkling fingers flee;
 To woo you in soft woodland words,
 With woodland pipe, Autonoë!

In vain, — in vain! The years divide:
 Where *Thamis* rolls a murky tide,
 I sit and fill my painful reams,
 And see you only in my dreams;
 A vision, like *Alcestris*, brought
 From under-lands of Memory, —
 A dream of Form in days of Thought,
 A dream, — a dream, Autonoë!
 Spectator. AUSTIN DOBSON.

OH! were I rich and mighty,
 With store of gems and gold,
 And you, a beggar at my gate,
 Lay starving in the cold;
 I wonder could I bear
 To leave you pining there?

Or, if I were an angel,
 And you an earth-born thing,
 Beseeching me to touch you
 In rising with my wing;
 I wonder should I soar
 Aloft, nor heed you more?

Or, dear, if I were only
 A maiden cold and sweet,
 And you a humble lover,
 Sighed vainly at my feet;
 I wonder if my heart
 Would know no pain or smart?

Songs of Two Worlds.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE COVENANTERS, CHARLES II., AND ARGYLE.

BY PETER BAYNE.

So early as the middle of the twelfth century, Scotland had realized for itself a national character so marked, that the English monk Samson, of St. Edmondsbury, travelling in Italy, assumed by way of disguise the garb of a Scotchman, and, when meddled with, took to brandishing his staff and "uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch." It was the time of the schism between the rival popes, Alexander and Octavian; Scotland adhered to one pope, England to the other; and in the gibberish with which Samson answered those who questioned him, *Ride, ride Rome; turne Cant-wereherei*, Mr. Carlyle conjectures that the monk intended to harp upon the notorious rejection of the jurisdiction of the English primate by the Scotch. The nationality thus demonstratively proclaimed in the twelfth century rooted itself, in the beginning of the fourteenth, in a long and deadly struggle with England. From this time the spirit of independence burned more fiercely in Scotland than in any modern kingdom. Patriotism, elsewhere a virtue, was in Scotland a passion.

The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown
Up out of memories of Marathon,

did not express a pride more high and complacent than that with which Scotchmen remembered Bannockburn. Not finding enough to occupy them at home, and turned by hereditary animosity from England, the stream of aspiring Scottish youth poured into the Continental countries, particularly into France. They served in armies, disputed and professed in universities, made way at courts. Ardent, alert, and liberal-minded, they rejoiced in the classical Renaissance which followed the fall of the Eastern Empire; went full sail into the humanist movement of the Reuchlin and Erasmus time; shared the laugh of polished circles against the obscurantist, the priest, and the friar; cultivated Latin not on the monkish but the classical models. When the Reformation absorbed the Renais-

sance — when the gay Academic satire of the "*Litera Obscurorum Virorum*" gave place to the tremendous appeal of Luther's Bible to the heart of Europe — the Scots, at home and abroad, became vehemently possessed with the new enthusiasm, but did not lose the old. Melville's Latin ode on the coronation of James drew the highest encomiums from Lipsius and Scaliger. The Reformers of Scotland came offering intellectual as well as religious light, invaded universities as well as pulpits, and founded grammar-schools as well as theological halls. About one-third of the professors in the Huguenot seminaries of France were Scotchmen. The Scottish people had the wit to value the culture as well as the theology of the preachers, and the tradition of learning which belonged to Puritanism in the days of Milton and of Melville has never been broken in Scotland. It was broken in England by the Ironside captains and corporals who were the most savoury preachers of their day. The pious peasant in England has a suspicion of learning — thinks it unspiritual and worldly: the rudest Scotch congregation likes a "college-bred minister."

The Latin culture of Buchanan, Arthur Johnson, and Melville, and the mathematical science of Napier of Merchiston, though exercising influence on the people, was after all but a superficial glitter. Ferocity and superstition characterized both the nobility and the commons of Sootland. Frays to the effusion of blood were of perpetual occurrence. The oppression of the poor by lords and lairds was, in extreme instances, almost incredible. In a note to M'Crie's "Life of Melville," we hear of a hundred poor persons being, by some legal process or other, put into the power of a noble lady, and held to ransom by her at five pounds a-piece. Two or three who could not pay she hanged out of hand, on the ground that, having failed to make good a stake in their country to this limited extent, they could not have much worth in them. A practical person! — who seems to have been of the tribe of the old Hohenzollerns, and might have had a word of favour from Mr. Carlyle. True it is, never-

theless, that the old Scotch commonalty were mirthful and humorous ; had caught from their friends the French their gaiety, and from their friends the Italians their gift of song ; and were much addicted to dancing. Feudal Scotland, in days when Europe was young—when the bishop, the abbot, and the priest ruled simply over nations of simple soldiers, and kings were still content to be patted on the head and admonished by the semi-divine Papa of Christendom, sitting where the mysteriously mighty Cæsar had sat—was a jocund, noisy place, ringing always with laughter or with battle. But now the feudal era was passing away. The era of industrialism was coming in. The dangers which originated and kept up the feudal arrangements had vanished, and from no country had they departed more completely than from Scotland. There were now no Danish pirates to land at the Red Head, harry Angus, and be met by the Scottish spearmen on the green of Loncarty. With a Scottish king on the throne of England, the border marauder, who could of old count himself an honourable and effective guerilla soldier, found his chivalry collapse into theft. The feudal riders were everywhere leaving their helmets unburnished, and yoking their nags to the plough. The Scots took genially to works of peace. Strathford, who, like other eminent persons of those days, kept an "own correspondent" in places where useful information was to be had, sent a spy into Scotland at the time when drill for the future Covenanting army was commencing. He reported that the rustics grumbled dismally in their squads, begging to be let off to the plough-tail. There was an enormous quantity, said the spy, of weapons in Scotland, everybody being possessed of something of the sort, but the quality was bad. This is the last rustle we seem to hear of the "airn-caps and jingling jackets," the rusty Andrew Ferraras and clashing dirks, of old Scotland. The Scottish Lowlands had never been so pacific since the days of Agricola as they were in the first fifteen years of the reign of Charles I.

Ploughing and harrowing, ditching and

delving, were good ; but they scarce sufficed to employ the mental and physical energy of Scotland in the suspense of feudal broils. The nation was ready for some great excitement, and gradually all wild or hilarious noises merged in the deep, stern swell of Covenanting enthusiasm. The Scotch had embraced the Reformation in its most intense and impassioned form. As Jehovah had cleft the Red Sea to bring his people out of Egypt, so had the gates of the mystic Babylon been opened that the Reformed Church of Scotland might go free. The infallible book, inspired in its minutest syllable, went before the chosen people like a pillar of fire. The pope had been deposed ; Christ alone reigned in the Church : but the spirit and model of his administration were taken from the Old Testament. The divine king of the Church was "Jehovah-Jesus." Rigidly consistent in their acceptance of infallible inspiration as uniform and universal in the Bible, the Covenanters read the will of God as much in the slaughter of the Amalekites as in the Sermon on the Mount, as much in the blood of Baal's priests curdling in Kishon, or gluing together the fingers of Elijah, as in the still small voice of Horeb, or the smile of Christ on the little ones in His arms. Jehovah-Jesus reigned as directly, and by substantially the same methods, in Scotland as on Mount Zion.

In various Old-Testament passages the Hebrews are described as entering into covenant with God. In these the Scots found an inspired warrant for adopting a similar course. Time could not invalidate, or circumstances modify, the sacred stringency of such a covenant. There were many Scotchmen alive seventy years ago, there may be a few at this hour, who regard "the Covenantants" as still binding on the people of Scotland.

James had diligently promoted Episcopacy in Scotland for twenty years, but it was with the soft obstetric hand of an old and safe, though bungling and babbling practitioner. Charles and Laud took up the matter, and what had been a smouldering heat of discontent and disaffection became in a few years a raging

flame. Charles alienated the nobility by betraying an intention to reclaim as much as was obtainable of the lands seized by them from the old Popish Church, and by exalting his bishops into a position of invidious and unconstitutional importance in the Scottish Privy Council. The heart of every Scottish pastor throbbed fiercely at the thought that Laud was at last bending the stiff neck of Scotland's Church to subjection to Canterbury. But a darker and more practical alarm than that of subjection to Canterbury loomed now in the background : —

The elements of the Lord's Supper [says Baillie, whose grand virtue is that he feels exactly as the great body of Scottish Presbyterians felt, and speaks exactly as he feels] began by them to be magnified above the common phrase of Protestant divines, a corporall presence of Christ's humanity in and about the elements to be glanced at, . . . a number of adorations before those elements, and all that was neerer them, both the altar, bason, chalice, and chancell, to be urged, &c., &c.

Which could mean only, thought Baillie and all men in Scotland, that the kingdoms were to be again saturated with the deadliest errors of Antichrist. The Scottish Presbyterian clergy, conscious that on many of them, when they were ordained, no episcopal hand had rested, were fearfully excited on another point, that, namely, of holy orders. "They (the Laudians) side here," cries Baillie, "with the Papists in giving to all the Protestant Churches a wound which our enemies proclaim to be mortal, fatal, incurable." In these un-ecclesiastical days no reader can picture to his imagination the excruciating agony with which Baillie and his brethren contemplated the desertion of the Reformed cause by the Anglican clergy on the question of orders. In the heart of the Protestant camp, the spirit of religious caste, of spiritual aristocracy, had reappeared; and on the whole of Reformed Christendom, the supercilious Anglican cast that glance of contempt which is more maddening than the most exquisite physical pain.

Such was the unanimity of the Scots that the Anglican party fell short even of

advocates. The bishops took flight for the broad fields of the south. The whole of Scotland, with the exception of a handful of Highlanders, of Papists, and of Aberdonians, glided out of the hands of Charles and his government, and into those of the popular committees which arose by a natural process of crystallization out of the circumstances of the time. The Jenny Geddes riot, which occurred when the attempt was made to introduce Laud's service-book in Edinburgh in 1637, was but the shake of the vase of prepared liquid which precipitated the crystallizing process. The idea of a renewal of the National Covenant descended on the tumultuous masses like an inspiration. Noblemen by scores, magistrates and clergymen by hundreds, people by tens of thousands, calling "God, His angels, and the world" to witness, swore that they would stand by the king in defending and preserving the religion, liberties, and laws of Scotland. The women were deeply moved. The Dowager-Marchioness of Hamilton, along with other high-born ladies, took to barrow-trundling and turf-cutting, when it was essential to push forward the fortifications of Leith; and when her son appeared in command of a fleet in the king's interest in the Forth, she rode about, pistol at girdle, declaring that if he attempted an armed landing, she would shoot him. The Glasgow maid-servants, with doubtless a helping hand, so far as respectability permitted, from their mistresses, mobbed and almost murdered a preacher who had thrown some Laudian taint into his sermon. Even crack-brained haridans caught the generous infection, and the Meg Merrilees of the period was a quack prophetess, named Michelson, who poured forth rhapsodies about the "covenanting Jesus."

The Covenanters had no lack of capable leaders. Alexander Henderson was probably, all things considered, the ablest Scotchman of the period. Enthusiastically Presbyterian, he was at the same time superior in sympathetic largeness of mind to the body of his clerical brethren. His gift of conciliation was greater than that of any of them. He did not write

books, and has left little record of himself in print; but the unanimous suffrage of his contemporaries pronounced him a high and remarkable man. Rutherford, fervid, eloquent, with tendencies to devout effusiveness and revivalism; Gillespie, great in the controversial learning of the period; Dickson, rich in the pithy wisdom of proverbs; Baillie, whose picturesque and vivid letters are a series of photographs from the general procession of men and events in which he took part; these and many other such formed the stars of second and third magnitude in the clerical firmament.

In the foremost throng of distinguished laymen who signed the Covenant was young Montrose. More cautiously and with slower step, advancing from the background with many a circumspective glance, the Earl of Argyle, already mature in years, came to take his place among the leaders of the movement. Argyle had frankly admitted to his own mind that the accession of the Scottish line to the throne of England must sooner or later involve the absorption of Scotland into the political system of the island. He was able to appreciate the constitutional and Puritan movement of England, as directed by such English patriots as Hampden and Pym, in its twofold aim of securing a Protestant church and a constitutional throne; and could perceive that, if the objects of the English patriots were attained, a harmony of relation between Scotland and England would ensue, more genuine, unconstrained, beneficial, and permanent than could be the result of a scheme to make Charles the divine-right despot and Laud the divine-right primate, of the three kingdoms. The religious enthusiasm of the time had penetrated the recesses of Argyle's nature, but it was rather as a slow-burning, dusky heat, compatible with subtle forms of self-seeking and revenge, than as a sacred searching fire, fatal to meanness, and favourable to magnanimity and heroic valour. He was a complete and comprehensive failure as a soldier. He put his trust, he finely said, not in the *os gladii* but in the *gladius oris*; and did not reflect that, in revolutions, the two are apt to become one.

It was at the Glasgow General Assembly of 1638 that Argyle finally declared for the Covenant. The Marquis of Hamilton, Charles's near kinsman, was the king's managing man on that occasion. We can see the marquis, kindly-tem-

pered, fond of popularity, anxious to do the best for all parties, trying to smooth the Presbyterian waters with the oil of his silvery eloquence. But his efforts to save any part of the Laudian system were vain. Episcopacy was cast out of the Church of Scotland. The leadership of the Church, in so far as it could be held by a layman, fell from the hand of Hamilton, and was taken up by Argyle.

Charles's feeling on this entire business is concentrated for us in the word by which he characterized the Covenant—"damnable." In 1639 he got together an army, and marched with it to the banks of the Tweed; but the sight of the Covenanters in their encampment on Doon Hill frightened him into a pacification. In 1640 he again tried war, and called a Parliament in April of that year, in hope of encouragement and supplies; but the Commons showed sympathy with the Scots, and this was the reason, as affirmed in the Great Remonstrance, why the Parliament was, after a three weeks' session, dissolved. Charles persisted in his war; the Scots advanced to meet him; the English van, five thousand strong, was put to flight at Newburn on the Tyne, leaving sixty slain on the field of battle; and Charles, reduced once more to extremities, summoned the Parliament which met on the 3rd of November, 1640. It proved to be a Parliament of patriots. The Commons had no desire whatever that the Scottish army should be withdrawn until the Bill forbidding dissolution without consent of the Houses had become law. Those were the days of perfect understanding and mutual benefaction and benediction between the Covenanters and the Puritan leaders. The street ballad-singers of London chanted the praise of the Scots. Can we be surprised if the sense of success mounted with something of an intoxicating effect into the Scottish brain, and if the Covenanting leaders, particularly the clerical leaders, had a vague consciousness of rising Hyperion-like upon England, with announcement of the dawn? Baillie, in the joy of his simple heart, confidently hoped that "we victorious Scots" would bring "all the king's dominions to our happiness." Why not? Had not Mr. Baillie, in his fierce little book, dissipated all the errors of the Laudians? Had not he and other Presbyterian champions, supposed to be convincing as to the divine perfections of presbytery beyond possible resistance by sane minds, hastened up to London, and been warmly received in the Presbyterian city?

Scottish lay commissioners, acting in full accordance with the divines, lent an impetus to the Presbyterian cause in England, and accelerated to a dangerous degree the pace of the Puritan Reformation in the English Church.

At the commencement of the Long Parliament the English nation agreed with the Scotch in peremptory rejection of the policy and work of Laud. Pym and Falkland, Hyde and Hampden, were alike determined that this elaborate assimilation of the Church of England to the Church of Rome should be broken off; that the Protestantism of the country should be undisguised and thoroughgoing; that the Reformed Churches should not be insulted by disallowance of their orders; that a large and liberal rule should be observed in the matter of ceremonies. An imposed and semi-Romish Episcopacy was fiercely rejected by the English people.

If the only effectual way of getting rid of Anglo-Romanism were the introduction of the Presbyterian system, as the experience of the Scots seemed to prove, the vast majority of Englishmen stood prepared to accept Presbyterianism. Such appears to have been the general feeling of Cromwell, Vane, and Milton on the subject, in 1641 and in the first year or two of the war. But for an imposed and exclusive Presbyterianism, as contrasted with an imposed and exclusive Episcopacy, there was, in England, if we except London and one or two country districts, no enthusiasm. In Scotland the people were so enamoured of Presbytery that they would have perpetuated its organization in spite of Parliamentary edicts; in England the people were so indifferent to Presbytery that, when Parliament proclaimed it the established religion of England, the people were too listless to set it up.

If any one is tempted to think that the human mind can be won, or persuaded, or in any respect gained over by force, let him study the history of Presbyterianism, Independency, and Episcopacy in England. When Presbyterianism still wore the garments of mourning from her persecutions, Milton sang the praises of Presbyterian discipline in words of melody so sweet, and splendour so glowing, that they must have ravished the ears of Mr. Baillie, as with the very harpings of heaven. With the first blow struck at the framework of Episcopacy, reaction commenced; with each succeeding blow it strengthened; and at last it became a

feeling so potent that its mere inexorable passive stubbornness rendered the permanent reign of the saints impossible, and undid *all that the sword had done* in the Puritan Revolution.

After remaining until the Long Parliament had carried through the acts and achievements of its memorable first session, the Scots marched out of England. Charles followed them to Edinburgh, in August, 1641. He found that no government was possible in Scotland, except that of the Covenanters. Argyle and Hamilton were now agreed in policy. The king yielded on all points. Old Alexander Leslie, who had commanded the Scots in England, was created Earl of Leven, and Argyle a marquis. The triumph of the Covenanters, in Church and State, was complete.

The close alliance and mutual understanding which subsisted at this period between the followers of Pym and Hampden and the Scottish Covenanters, are put beyond reach of question by a number of clauses in the Great Remonstrance, presented to Charles soon after his return from Scotland. It was made a special charge against the bishops that they had "showed themselves very affectionate to the war with Scotland," and had issued a prayer to be read in all churches "calling thn Scots *rebels*." The conduct of the Covenanters in their recent advance into England, their "duty and reverence to his Majesty, and brotherly love to the English nation," were extolled. An important suggestion, which had emanated from the Covenanters, was adopted and pressed upon the king, to wit, that "a general synod of the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of the island, assisted by some from foreign parts," should be convoked, to consider the affairs of the Church, and submit the result of their deliberations to Parliament, with a view to their receiving "the stamp of authority." Pointedly interesting, as an expression of the views of Hampden, Pym, and the first generation of Puritan leaders, on matters which were ere long to be furiously disputed between Presbyterians and Independents, is the statement of the remonstrant Commons that it was "far from their purpose" to cast loose the reins of discipline, or "to leave private persons or particular congregations to take up what form of divine service they please." The Commons expressly claimed, however, in conjunction with the king, supreme jurisdiction "in all affairs both in Church and State."

The Presbyterianism of the remonstrants would not commend their general views to Charles. "Their clear intention," he would feel, "is to bring in upon me the whole system which I have been compelled to sanction in Scotland." With as much composure as he could assume, but with rage in his heart that proved irrepressible and fatal, he returned a cold answer to the Commons, and secretly prepared a thunderbolt to smite their leaders. In short, he attempted the arrest of the five members, and thus brought on the civil war.

Looking from their coign of vantage upon the mustering of the forces, and upon the confused fighting of the first year of war Argyle, and Leven, Hamilton and Montrose, could not but be interested spectators of the fray. At peace with the king, the Covenanting government of Scotland remained on terms of amity with the Parliament. In August, 1642, in compliance with the wish of the Houses, the Scots sent an army to Ulster to fight the rebels. The English Parliament engaged to supply the Scottish troops in Ireland with provisions; but they failed to make good their promise; and hundreds of men, as the Scotch commissioners in London plaintively stated to the Commons, perished "for want of bread."

It was from the Parliament that an invitation came to the Covenanters to take part in the affairs of England. In the autumn of 1643 the tide of success seemed to set steadily in favour of the king, and the Commons were alarmed. Henry Vane and some other deputies proceeded to Edinburgh to propose a new treaty. The enthusiastic Puritan devoutness of Vane, joined with his impassioned activity and moving eloquence, prevailed against the opposition of Hamilton, which Charles thought too languid, and against that of Montrose, which was fervid and desperate. It was a case—there are many such in history—when the arguments on both sides were so powerful and so evenly balanced, that either the one set or the other might be held conclusive by honest men. Montrose, who loved Charles with a love passing the love of women, namely, with the love of romantic young men for their incarnated ideals,* could point to Leven's coronet and to Argyle's marquise, and ask

whether the recipients of these honours had not found him a forgiving and a generous king? What more, he might ask, was there that Charles could grant the Scots? Was it their part to force Puritanism on their hereditary monarch, and to carry Presbyterianism into England on the point of their pikes? But Argyle and Henderson were aware that Montrose did not exhaust the logic of the question. If Charles had given the Covenanters what they asked, he had twice drawn the sword to give them *that* instead, and the English Puritans had held his hand. The leaders of the Parliament had been resolutely true to the Scots. They had quelled the natural promptings of pride and courage when the Tyne had been stained by the Scots with English blood; they had rebuked their king for countenancing bishops who called the Scotch invaders rebels; they had stood by their leaders, at the risk of open war, when Charles wished to treat them as traitors for conniving at the proceedings of the Scots. Would not the desertion, in the hour of their extreme need, of allies to whom they thus owed everything, in favour of a king who had given them nothing but what he could not help giving them, be, on the part of the Covenanters, ingratitude? And did not a penetrating inquisition into the lie of their interests point equally to an unreserved alliance with the Parliament? Charles's candid opinion of their Covenant was still, they well knew, summarized in the expressive word that has been quoted. When he had broken the neck of English Puritanism, would he be long in finding a rope wherewith to hang Scotch Presbyterianism? There would *then* be no English Parliament to stand by them, and the defeated patriots, crushed by Charles and his bishops, would not waste a sigh on their Judas-like wailings. These considerations were too obvious to escape the sagacity of the Scotch. The clergy spoke decisively on the side of the Parliament. Though a few of the nobles wavered, though Hamilton betook himself to Charles (to be imprisoned for his failure), and Montrose resolved to draw sword for the king, the Covenanters were substantially unanimous in espousing the cause of the English Puritans.

The assistance of the Covenanters was given on certain conditions, which seemed at the time to leave no door open for misunderstanding. The Scots were, as formerly, cautious to avoid the appear-

* See Mertoun to Tresham, in Browning's "Blot on the Scotchman."

"What passion like a boy's for one
Like you?"

ance of forcing Scottish institutions upon England. They did not ask their allies to transfer to England the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Scottish Church. A new instrument, entitled the Solemn League and Covenant, set forth that the Church, throughout the three kingdoms, was to be reformed in accordance with "the Word of God and the best Reformed Churches." The creed, the ritual, the discipline ultimately adopted were to result from the deliberations of that assembly of divines which the English Parliament had already called, and with which a few leading Scotch divines were to be associated. It was not an "extension of the Scottish system to the other two kingdoms," as the generally accurate and candid Ranke supposes, that was "expected" or proposed by the Scots, but the preparation of a common scheme by the Presbyterians of England as well as of Scotland. The Parliament engaged that the Solemn League and Covenant should be subscribed throughout England. The Scottish government promised to despatch an army to co-operate with the Parliamentary troops, stipulating that an English fleet should patrol the Scotch coasts, to prevent descents from Ireland or elsewhere, while the Scottish army was in the south. The maintenance of the monarchy was an integral portion of the Solemn League and Covenant.

Again, therefore, the Blue-Bonnets, upwards of twenty thousand of them, strenuously marching through the January snow—it was now 1644—crossed the border. They advanced by degrees, sweeping the Duke of Newcastle's people out of the northern counties, and establishing themselves in the northern ports. In May they had formed the siege of York, acting in conjunction with Manchester, Fairfax, and Cromwell. On the 2nd of July they took part in the great pitched battle of Marston Moor. Mr. Langton Sanford, in his exhaustive study of the action, demonstrates that it was an obstinate and eventful struggle, bravely contested on both sides. We are to remember that the great body of the Scots were now for the first time seriously engaged. In the old days of holiday-soldiering on Doon Hill, and when five thousand Englishmen were driven off in panic by a few cannon-shots and musket-volleys at Newburn on the Tyne, the Scottish army, drilled by soldiers of fortune who, with old Alexander Leslie, had been attracted back to Scotland by the prospect

of military employment, was the best force in the island. But between August, 1642, when the royal standard had been raised, and July, 1644, when the battle of Marston Moor was fought, English troops had been acquiring a very different quality from that of the runaways of Newburn. Rupert was an efficient cavalry officers, and his troopers, and those of Goring, were accustomed to conquer. Newcastle's White-Coats were powerful, firm, and spirited troops. On the Parliament side, Cromwell had selected, and habituated to victory a body of men, small indeed, but invincible, which formed the nucleus of the force of the associated eastern counties, and diffused throughout the whole that intrepid and steadfast spirit which it had caught from its leader.

Cromwell's Ironsides were in the left wing, and here also was a disproportionate amount of the talent available for the conduct of the battle. Not only did Cromwell lead his own men, but David Leslie was in this part of the field, while Scotch Crawford handled the English infantry, and performed his part so well that it was fiercely disputed at the time whether it was to Crawford or to Cromwell that the triumph was mainly due. The victory of the Parliamentary left wing was rapid and complete. The left wing of the Cavaliers was also successful. Fairfax's Yorkshiremen, posted on the Parliamentary right, got entangled in Moor Lane, and were broken and driven back by the royalist left. The Parliamentary centre, held by the body of the Scottish foot, was thus uncovered, and the assault in front and flank by the choice troops of Goring and Newcastle was too much for the raw Scotch levies. They fought with resolute valour, the fire of their long lines flashing in red tongues through the dusk, "as if the element itself had been on fire." Before the joint attack of the royal left and the royal centre, they were, however, forced to give way, thrown into considerable confusion, driven, in part at least, from the field. Old Leven, after vainly exerting himself to rally the fugitives, took to flight, and rested not till he reached Leeds. A seasoned soldier ought to have known better the strange turns, and tides, and possibilities of battle. David Leslie, and Crawford, and Frizeall, who had splendidly maintained the honour of Scotland, may well have been ashamed of him. It is more important to observe that the other officers in command of the centre had not acted unworthily, and that

not only was the strife long and bloody before the Scots gave way, but that there was evidently an important rally of the centre to take part, along with the easily victorious Parliamentary left, in the final defeat of the far less victorious and much more exhausted royalist left. What seems to prove conclusively that the defeat of the Scots in the centre was but partial, is that, without any perceptible interval after the battle, a formidable army was under command of Leven.

After the victory of Marston Moor the Parliament lay no longer under oppressive fear of the king. An energetic, audacious, and very able party among the English Puritans did not care how soon they got rid of the Scots. The effusive gratitude and admiration with which they had been received when they came trampling down the snow to aid their brothers gave place to that severe honesty of criticism which accompanies the disenchantments of lapsed affection. The Scots, appealing to their sacrifices for the common cause, were told with painful candour that they had come into England to fight their own battle at England's expense. The rude wit of the Ironsides did not spare the Presbyterian divines, and there began to be doubts as to the plenary inspiration of the Covenant itself. Then came the heart-burning and recrimination of the New Model, with its exclusion of stiff-necked Presbyterians from all important military office in the English army. Crawford, in spite of his consummate service in leading the English foot at Marston Moor, was thrust from the ranks of the New Model, in compliance with the imperious demand of Cromwell. Manchester, "a sweet, meek man," says Baillie, was shelved through the same irresistible influence. Fairfax become Cromwell's factotum and echo. The Independents gloried in Oliver as their man of men, and old Leven did not eclipse the rising star, or regild his own tarnished laurels by any brilliant feat of arms.

It was about the very time when the Scots were in death-wrestle with Newcastle's White-Coats on Marston Moor, that an event occurred which added a stern energy to the reproachful groanings of the Covenanters. They had, as we saw, stipulated in their treaty with the English Parliament that, when Scotland divested herself of her troops at England's request, a sufficient naval force should be despatched from England to guard the Scottish coast. This part of the Parlia-

ment's engagements had not been fulfilled. Colkitto and his Irish landed in Argyle; out of this egg Montrose hatched a cockatrice, or rather a leash of cockatrices wherewith to scourge and mangle Scotland. The Marquis of Argyle, averse to war, managed affairs for the Covenanters during the absence of their army in England, and Montrose had now an opportunity of paying off old debts. The diplomatic marquis had put on his williest smile, and tried to settle Montrose with the *gladius oris*; but, poet as he was, Montrose would give only *os gladii* by way of reply; and with this he did so dazzle and bewilder and bedevil the poor man that he at last sent him skipping to the Scottish camp in England. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the effect of Montrose's campaigns in breaking the strength of Scotland. Need we wonder that the Covenanters began to think that the Parliament had treated them unhandsomely, and to reflect, in an extremely disenchanted state of mind, on the profuse promises of Vane? June had become December, and the fountain of gushing eloquence was ice.

A sudden gleam of what seemed brilliant fortune visited the Covenanters, but after lingering about the horizon and lighting it with tantalizing glimmer for several months, it went out in murk deeper than what had been before. Leaving Oxford in the summer of 1646, and hovering about for five days in a state of indecision as to whether it was to the Parliament or to the Scots that he ought to surrender himself, Charles entered the Scottish camp at Newark. The Covenanters fell back on the stronger position of Newcastle, and there negotiations commenced. True to their Parliamentary allies, true to those professions of loyalty to the king and the monarchy which were embodied in their Covenant, the Scots implored Charles to agree to a settlement on the only terms on which he could preserve his throne. The great body of the English nation heartily desired a settlement; the Parliament still possessed what in another year it had ceased to possess, complete control of affairs; the conflict had been carried on within the lines of the constitution; and crown and Parliament had but to resume the old forms of business in order to work again together. Oliver Cromwell joyfully hoped that he might sheath his sword in an England where idolatry, will-worship, and licentiousness should no longer mock the people of God. Ar-

gyle proceeded to London, and addressed a select gathering of the magnates of the kingdom. On this occasion he appears at his very best, speaking briefly, yet with a broad, placid, magnanimous wisdom, which contemplated and embraced the affairs of Scotland within the general system of the island. Touching delicately but with precision on the principal services which the Scots had rendered to the English Parliament, and on the principal benefits they had received in return, he expressed in the largest terms his sense of the importance of union to the two nations, and declared—an immense stretch of cosmopolitanism for a Scotchman of those days—that he was prepared to merge even the name of Scotland in that of the kingdom as a whole, if thereby the union with England could be made more harmonious. Nor did he shun to hint that he was no pedantic stickler for the indispensability of royal approval to arrangements necessary for the national welfare. *Salus populi* was, he said, *lex suprema*. Argyle made a favourable and profound impression in England at this time; and it may be noted that, as this principle of his had been formerly brought forward by Strafford, it was subsequently referred to, first by Ireton, and then by Cromwell, in arguing against the inviolability of Charles. Neither Cromwell nor Ireton, however, were in Argyle's audience.

Had the king been honestly desirous of the success of any plan save that of the mutual extirpation of Presbyterians and Independents, an arrangement might probably have been made. It would not have been a bad arrangement. Whatever might have been the Parliamentary edicts for the enforcement of the Covenant and the establishment of Presbytery, a national Church of England on the Presbyterian model would practically have been tolerant, lax, and comprehensive. Looked at from without, the Presbyterian Church wears a formidable appearance—battlemented and grim, with rock-like formularies and great guns of dogma. But, within, it has always been easy-going and popular, governed by the sentiment of its members, and issuing its censures at long intervals. It was a fixed idea with almost all religionists in the seventeenth century, that the State ought to sanction and establish some one pattern of ecclesiastical uniformity. This was in fact the after-glow in the atmosphere from the setting of the great idea of the unity of Christendom, which had illumi-

nated the medieval Church. Laud's scheme for giving effect to this inherited instinct of Christian unity had hopelessly broken down. The main body of laymen, and a large proportion of clergymen, in the Church of England, were doctrinally Presbyterian; as, in fact, they have continued to this day. When the excitement had subsided, and the Scots were well beyond the Tweed, and a sprinkling of moderate Episcopalians had been sent by the constituencies to temper the Presbyterian majority at Westminster, room would have been found in England, as the right and left wings of a central Presbyterian Church, for congregations retaining the old service, and for congregations preferring the Independent model. This would have contented Argyle, Henderson, and when the Covenanting fervour cooled a little, all rational Scotchmen. This would have contented Pym and the earlier race of Puritans. It would have contented Milton; we know from Cromwell's own words, written when Presbyterians and Independents were far more exasperated than they yet were, that it would have contented him. Had such an arrangement succeeded, the historical results would have been, first, an anticipation by two hundred years of those relations of perfect amity and social coalescence which in these last days reign between England and Scotland; and secondly, a constitution of society in England more simple, homely, less exclusive, a culture more widely diffused and popular, than we have had under the auspices of "the Church of the upper classes."

It could not be. Old Jemmy, with his knack of blundering into a safe course, the Merry Monarch, with his habit of bowing to necessity, would have started the coach again; but between his conscience and his wife, Charles I. succeeded only in bringing matters to a beggarly dead-lock. He could neither satisfy the Scots by accepting their Covenant, nor give the Parliamentary people security for their necks by surrendering the militia. It was in vain that the commissioners implored him on bended knees and with streaming tears to save himself. He was inexorable. There was absolutely nothing for the Scots to do but to leave him with their English allies, and to march into Scotland. At the time of their march, there was paid to them a part of what had long been due by the English Parliament. Such payments had been made formerly, when no king

was in the case. Had Charles been a thousand miles away, the money would have been due all the same. If the Scots had drawn sword for Charles when he rejected their terms, they would have made themselves guilty of every drop of blood shed by them since they came into England. If they had refused to take the part of their hard-earned arrears which was paid to them, merely because of the colour which their adversaries might falsely put upon the transaction, they would have acted with an imbecility which, even on the stage, would be too feebly romantic for legitimate effect. But because the transference of the king and the payment of the money were of necessity associated in time, historians, who ought to have known that it was one of their most honourable and stringent duties to tie the gall up in the tongue of slanderous faction, and to wipe from honest men the slime of lying imputations, have disgraced themselves by the careless assertion that the transaction stained the fame of Scotland. "The money payment," says Ranke, "was brought in a somewhat offensive way into connection with the surrender of the king." This is the truth neatly stated. Out of an offensive coincidence was coined an infamous falsehood.

Amid disappointment and foreboding, in the last days of 1646, the Covenanters marched out of England. They had lost their most brilliant soldier, Lawrence Crawford. Too recklessly brave, he had been struck by a cannon-ball, fired probably at a venture from the walls of Hereford. He was but thirty-four years old, had served on the Continent, in Ireland, in England, had reached all but the highest commands, and had given proof of a valour and a capacity, which might have matured into the qualities of a great general. They had lost also Alexander Henderson, their largest-minded, largest-hearted divine, a man supremely needed by Scotland in the difficult time that was at hand.

The English Presbyterians, though they had always honoured and deferentially listened to their Scottish brethren, were not sorry that they left England. They had ceased to be popular, and the Presbyterians in Parliament felt that it would weaken rather than strengthen them, if their policy were supposed to be inspired from Scotland. The fortunes of the English Presbyterians were in the wane. The long, heart-breaking controversy on toleration arose; the dispute on

toleration became complicated with the dispute between the Parliamentary majority and the army; and in the summer of 1647 supreme power passed into the hands of the military leaders. The inviolability of Parliament, sacredly dear to the nation, was outraged. Lord Macaulay's expression that "no sooner was the first pressure of military tyranny felt, than the nation, unbroken to such servitude, began to struggle fiercely," conveys a wrong idea. There was no national struggle; but the Presbyterians, or, more strictly speaking, a large section of them, fought, as the moderate or Girondin party in the French Revolution fought, for the ascendancy they had lost, and for the retention of the Revolution in its original grooves; and a certain number of Cavaliers joined them. The cry of this fighting party, both in its Cavalier and its Presbyterian sections, was that an arrangement must, at all hazards, be made with Charles. There were English Presbyterians, however of the highest influence, including Fairfax, who, not only held that there was no absolute necessity of coming to terms with the king, but that it was their duty to fight, side by side with Independents, against those Presbyterians who were still prepared to stake all on the good faith of Charles. It was Fairfax, Presbyterian as he was, who in the stiffest fighting he had ever known, conquered the Presbyterian royalists of Kent and Essex.

With the Presbyterians of England who took the same side as Fairfax, not with those Presbyterians who died by the sword or by famine rather than relinquish the hope of saving Charles, the true-blue Covenanters sympathized. When Duke Hamilton and his brother Lanark, having concluded something between a treaty and an intrigue with Charles in the Isle of Wight, proceeded to Edinburgh in the beginning of 1648, and called upon the nation and the Church to combine in a supreme effort for the rescue of the king, the religious Covenanters in a body refused, and the Church put its ban on the enterprise. Hamilton, who had often shone in council and conference, but had never quite succeeded in anything, went heart and soul into this, his last undertaking, on behalf of a master who had treated him sometimes kindly, sometimes harshly, but whom he had earnestly served, and whom he honestly loved. The Scottish nobility, with the exception of Argyle, of Loudon, and a considerable

minority rallied round the duke. But the sagacity of the Scottish burghers and peasants was not at fault, and Hamilton's army consisted of great lords and of those whom the great lords could compel to join the standard. The best Covenanting officers, including Alexander and David Leslie, declined to take service under the duke. He was himself totally incompetent to conduct an important operation in war; and Baillie, his lieutenant-general, best known by the beatings he got from Montrose, was not of weight enough to make his authority felt by the weak duke and the wilful nobles. The army, numbering in effectives less than twenty thousand men, straggled loosely into England by way of Annan and Carlisle. General Monro, with about two thousand five hundred cavalry, had crossed from Ireland to share in the enterprise, and was in Cumberland. Sir Marmaduke Langdale headed a body of royalists in Lancashire. The fighting men on Hamilton's side might thus be about twenty-four thousand. The duke went stumbling blindly on, van and rear twenty or thirty miles apart, incapable of holding his force in hand, and quite uninformed or misinformed, as to the movements of the enemy. Meanwhile, Cromwell, hastening from the siege of Pembroke, breaks in from Yorkshire upon the left flank of the long, straggling line of march. It is now August 16th, 1648, and the main body of the Scottish foot is in Preston. Hamilton, with a few of the cavalry, is present, but the principal divisions of the horse are either far ahead under Middleton, or far behind under Monro. Next morning there is an alarm. Sir Marmaduke, guarding the flank four miles to the eastward, is furiously assailed, and sends to the duke for assistance. Hamilton and Baillie, persuaded that the attack comes from one Colonel Ashton, who, with a few thousand English Presbyterians, had turned out to fight the Scots for having come without the sanction of the General Assembly, treat the affair as of no consequence. The essential matter, think they, is to get the foot across the Ribble. Instead, therefore, of drawing up the army in battle array on Preston Moor, and sending expresses to hurry Monro forward and Middleton back—the thing which must have been done had they known that Cromwell was upon them—the Scotch commanders send some slight unavailing succour to Sir Marmaduke, and march the entire body of the foot,

with the exception of two brigades, across the river. Oliver was in his most fiery mood, and had with him an army of nine or ten thousand men, among them a large proportion of veteran Ironsides. Sir Marmaduke and his north-country English fought uncommonly well, but the overwhelming force under Cromwell drove them in upon Preston. The two brigades of Scottish foot, attacked by Cromwell's victorious troops, unsupported by their own cavalry, deserted by Baillie, who was on the other side of the river, fought so stoutly for hours that Cromwell fancied that he was engaged with the whole Scottish army. "At last," he writes, "the enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the duke with most of the Scots, horse and foot, retreated over the bridge." The duke was not in the throng of fugitives that Cromwell looked on. At the head of his guard of horse, he had kept the field a perfectly brave man, until the enemy cut in between him and Ribble Bridge. Sir Marmaduke was with Hamilton, as also Sir James Turner, who is understood to have sat for Scott's Dalgetty. The charge of Cromwell's horse came at last direct upon them. Hamilton met the assailants face to face, and "put two troops of them to a retreat." But they came on again. A second time the duke and his officers chased them off. Once more they rallied and charged, and, for the third time, giving the word, "King Charles!" Hamilton went in on them. They were broken and chased so far this time that a few minutes could be had by the duke and his friends for consultation. "Then Sir Marmaduke and I," says Turner, "entreated the duke to hasten to his army." They put spurs to their horses, swam the Ribble, and thus got round to "the place where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a hill, among very fencible enclosures." This glimpse of Duke Hamilton seems vividly typical of the career of the man. Brilliantly charging, when the battle has been hopelessly lost for want of generalship; succeeding in the little matter, but failing in the main enterprise; now, as always, he wins admiration, or pity, but does not hit the mark. The real battle of Preston ought to have been fought next day, the 18th of August. The cavalry might have been concentrated, the foot were steadily posted on their hill amid fencible enclosures, Baillie and Turner, the only men among the leaders

who had the slightest tincture of military knowledge, said in effect, "Stand fast and try it." But the babbling nobles and the distracted duke overruled Baillie and Dalgetty, and the army filed off in the night, to perish miserably; the starving regiments, separated from their leaders, fighting to the death under any "spark in a blue bonnet" who told his comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder, and die like men for the honour of Scotland. Cromwell, who, unlike Clarendon, knew what war was, bears testimony in many places to the courage of the Scots, but nowhere more explicitly than in his letters on the frightful welter of Hamilton's expedition.

The collapse of the enterprise was no sooner known in Scotland than the Argyle and Church party flew to arms and obtained command of the country. Cromwell marched to Edinburgh, and was received with most respectful deference by the marquis and the clergy. Oliver and Argyle sat banqueting at the same board, while Leven presided. Once more Covenanter and Puritan spoke as brethren to each other, but the glow of enthusiasm in the meeting could not have been very bright. Cromwell must have felt that these Scots could hardly love him with all that Scotch blood on his hands, and the Covenanting clergy must have suspected that the arch-patron of the sectaries, the apostle of toleration, the impatient repeller of all clerical pretensions, could have no irrepressible affection for them.

Hamilton had been taken prisoner and condemned to die. The London Presbyterians exerted themselves to save him. He clung to life, and hoped that the capital sentence might be commuted into a fine of £100,000. He had for ten years been the rival, but had never ceased to be the friend of Argyle, and a word from Argyle to Cromwell might possibly have saved him. But Cromwell had been put into his most savage temper by this whole Presbyterian insurrection. That Cavaliers, malignants, despisers of the saints, should have fought against the godly he could understand and pardon; but that these, who had shared their counsels and their dangers, should have turned against them and joined the enemies of the Lord, made his fury burn like a furnace. By pleading for Hamilton, Argyle might have brought upon himself a dangerous frown from Cromwell. A magnanimous man—a man with any scintilla of heroic fire in him—would have run the risk.

But always when we hope for the heroic touch in Argyle, we are disappointed. Coldly, ruthlessly, he had taken the life of the noble Montrose and the wild and brave Colkitto: and now the thin lips opened not to ask mercy for Hamilton.

Another head was to fall besides that of the poor duke. Not with fiercer tenacity did Presbyterian royalism struggle with Fairfax and Cromwell in the field, than Presbyterian or constitutional royalism struggled with the Independents in the Parliamentary arena at Westminster. Attaining full command of the House, and supported by the feeling of the country, infallibly attested by the results of successive elections to vacant seats, the English Presbyterians patched up at the eleventh hour a kind of arrangement with Charles. But it was not for this that Cromwell had fought. Advancing with long strides from the north, he was in London in the first days of December, 1648. It was tremblingly, painfully, and as slightly as could anywhere serve their end, that the army chiefs had formerly violated the sacredness of Parliament. But the sword struck more sharply when wetted with the blood of Preston. Upwards of a hundred of the representatives of the people were rudely thrust from the doors of the House of Commons. Charles found suddenly that the game of circumlocution and evasion was up, and that the ingenuous and clever scheme of extirpating his enemies by means of each other—that characteristic and unique product of the royal martyr's genius—was turning out a failure. He had trifled with the negotiators, after his military defeat, for some three years: the soldiers settled with him in about six weeks. Amid the amazement and horror of England, Scotland, and Ireland, even Henry Vane flitting into the background in silent dismay, Cromwell and the army took the life of Charles. The Parliamentary remnant, assuming unlimited power, repudiated monarchy and proclaimed a Commonwealth.

Here then is a nut to crack for that fine dinner-party which we saw hob-nobbing with Cromwell at Edinburgh. What were the Covenanters to do? If they threw over the royal family and made terms with the Commonwealth, they would be permitted to dwell in peace and safety. Scotland was theirs to rule as they pleased. Hitherto, amid the severest temptations, they had observed the league with their Puritan brethren of England. Though the soldiers they had sent to

fight the Irish rebels had been left to die of famine, though the neglect of the English Parliament had let in Colkitto and Montrose upon them, though the Scotch commissioners had been dismissed from London with a coolness almost amounting to contumely, though the Presbyterian eleven had been excluded from the House of Commons, the Covenanters stood by the English Puritans. With a unanimity, a magnanimous moderation, for which they have got little credit, they had accepted from the assembly of divines at Westminster a complete scheme of ecclesiastical constitution, including a directory for public worship and that English version of the Psalms, which, for stern Hebraic majesty and pathos, for rugged grandeur and freedom from all modern pettiness and prettiness, is unequalled among metrical translations. When Hamilton invaded England, the General Assembly of the Church had done the Parliament excellent service by condemning his expedition, and menacing with their dreaded censures all who took part in it. And now, as tidings reached them from Ireland that Cromwell was bearing down all before him "like a fiery torrent," could they not combine duty with interest, and let royalty alone?

The difficulty was that the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, embodying the views of Pym and Henderson, were express. They had sworn to stand by their rightful king in defence of their religion and liberties. While their religion and liberties were assailed, they were bound to maintain these, in the king's name, though they fought against the king's person. But if the religion and liberties were guaranteed—if the king accepted the Solemn League and Covenant tendered to him in the name of England and of Scotland—there was no alternative but to break their oath or to draw sword in his behalf. Those Covenanters, poor souls, belonged to an age when men looked upon the act of putting their names to political or theological documents, not as enlightened clerical gentlemen now look upon subscription to creeds, but as mercantile gentlemen still look upon endorsement of bills. Bounteous time had not yet brought forth that soft-spoken school of divines whose character and epitaph have been written by severe Mr. Ruskin in the single word "equivocation." In the oath which the Covenanters and the English Puritans had alike sworn, there was no ambiguity.

In order to realize the situation, we

must resolutely call to mind that Prince Charles, when he accepted *simpliciter* the terms of the Covenanters, was a stripling of twenty. In working out his argument in defence of Cromwell, Mr. Carlyle insists with eloquent vehemence upon our recollecting that the curtains of the future rose gradually before Oliver, and that he took step after step without knowing what a day might bring forth. "How much," asks Carlyle, "does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an unwound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptibilities, vague-loomng hopes." True, perfectly true. Although Cromwell was upwards of forty when the troubles commenced, and the ablest and most far-seeing man of his time, we are most reasonably asked to believe that he was sincere in his professions of affectionate reverence for the king he beheaded, and of devoted submission to the Parliament which he turned into the street. But with artistic skill, which has the effect of consummate special pleading, Mr. Carlyle associates all our ideas of the Prince Charles whom the Covenanters crowned with the Charles II. of the Restoration. In 1650, Charles was of the same age as the "boy Oliver," son of the Protector, whose premature death Mr. Carlyle pathetically commemorates. He had given proof of personal courage and of talent; he had fought for his father; but there was no reason to believe that he inherited the scruples which made an arrangement with Charles I. impracticable. He had indeed given a commission to Montrose, who landed in Scotland in arms; but was it to be expected that, at twenty, he should appreciate the views and feelings of the Covenanters nicely enough to understand that it was impossible for him to be assisted *both* by them and by Montrose? He had given no proof of piety; he was fond of mirth and pleasure; but will it be maintained that a party undertaking the defence of constitutional monarchy in Great Britain could have justly disinherited the heir to the throne, on the ground that he was not personally pious? On such terms the institution of monarchy would be impossible. Had the Covenanters rejected Charles for any such cause, they would have proved themselves either morose and narrow bigots, or cowardly hypocrites, or plain fools. There was some consistency on the part of the Independents, when they laid stress on the levity of the prince; for the Independents insisted upon proof

of conversion before admission to church-membership; but the Presbyterian theory has always been that the evidence of conversion is discernible by God's eye only. Baillie explicitly maintains that "it is unjust scrupulosity to require satisfaction of the true grace of every church-member." The Covenanters, treating with a boy of twenty, said that they were bound to judge him with charity; and a more reasonable plea was never put in at the bar either of justice, of mercy, or of common sense. Had it been possible to take a vote of the whole English and Scottish nation at the time, the result would without question have been the acceptance of Charles, on terms little different from those of the Covenanters. Fairfax positively refused to take the command against them. Nay, I am convinced that, but for the blood of Charles I. on his hands; but for his fear of Presbyterian ascendancy; but for the danger and difficulty there might be in bringing the army to own a king, Cromwell himself would have consented at this time to the proclamation of Charles II. If the prince was already a finished dissembler and a thorough-paced liar, the Covenanters were not bad enough men to be capable of recognizing him as such.

The position of the Covenanters is unassailable on the score of logical consistency; but if many have been found to do them injustice on this point, no one can deny their superb courage. They alone dared to defy the army which, since its great leader formed it, had shattered every force opposed to it; they alone dared confront Cromwell when he returned to England, after having, in a few months, trampled the Irish rebels into the dust.

The command of the army was given to David Leslie: the right man, for he had proved himself an intrepid and successful soldier. But he was a cavalry officer, and he was no transcendent military genius; otherwise he could hardly have missed the great military lesson of Robert Bruce's life, that good infantry are more than a match for the best cavalry, and that the strength of Scotland lay in her spears. It was a deeper, and, as it proved, a fatal misfortune that a committee of estates and kirk thwarted and trammelled him. His management of the campaign, in so far as it was not overruled by their insolent inspirations, was masterly. Knowing that his troops were for the most part mere recruits—for all who had got a tincture of soldiering

either in the ranks of Montrose or of Hamilton were excluded as malignants—he declined battle with Cromwell's veterans, lay in strong defences at Edinburgh, practised his men in marches before the enemy and in night attacks and skirmishes, and harassed and wearied the English till they began to fall sick in great numbers.

It is now drawing to the end of August, 1650, and Cromwell, Lambert, and Monk—for all the best military heads and hearts of the Puritan army are here except Fairfax—find, with inexpressible reluctance, that they must retreat. To give the enemy the slip in such cases, if but for a few hours, is one of the approved manœuvres of generalship, but the Puritan commanders do not gain a minute upon David Leslie. Scarcely had they drawn out of their huts when he was upon them, trampling down the rear with his cavalry, always leaning against the Lamermuir, or otherwise throwing himself into an impregnable position, when Cromwell faced round for battle. Oliver was now engaged in an operation to which he was unaccustomed. He was getting his first and last lesson in the art of conducting a retreat. His generalship, in the last days of August, was inferior to Leslie's. Intending to fall back into England, he ought to have secured by a strong party the difficult gorge leading southward from Dunbar. Leslie, who had a born soldier's eye for topography, cut in, though he was the pursuer, before the English van, and, writes Oliver, "blocked up our way at the pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle." Had Leslie been left to finish his work as he began it, he would, as these words attest, have given checkmate to Cromwell, and executed the finest bit of military work in the whole of the civil wars. But he was not allowed to finish it. Baillie, writing at the time and infallibly informed as to the circumstances, distinctly states that the descent of the army from the heights was decided upon against the judgment of the Scottish general. Cromwell penetrated at a glance the meaning of those preliminary movements by which, on the evening of the 2nd of September, Leslie prepared for an engagement. Thrown out of his calculations, surprised when he expected to surprise, finding that his horsemen, though they charged boldly at first, had not the staying power of the Ironsides, and, when broken, galloped panic-struck over the infantry they ought

to have supported, Leslie soon gave up the battle for lost. Had Lawrence Crawford been there to manœuvre the foot and steady them in the shock of conflict!—But such speculation is foolish. Cromwell's victory was complete. About three thousand of the Scots were slain, about ten thousand taken; the army which had chased the English to Dunbar was annihilated.

Now then, surely little Scotland will give in. She had sent thousands to die by sword and famine in Ireland, thousands to fall in battles and sieges in the first civil war in England. The plough of destruction had passed over her back, in six deep, blood-watered furrows, under the heavy hand of Montrose. Her nobility, her gentry, the flower of her mounted men, and about fifteen thousand of her foot-soldiers, had followed Hamilton to be trodden into the mud of the Lancashire lanes. And now her last and finest army was broken to pieces, her thirty cannon taken. Nor was the loss of the army the worst that the Covenanters had to bear after the catastrophe of Dunbar. Divisions appeared among themselves. A number of the straiter-laced announced that they had qualms of conscience on the subject of fighting in company with some of the old royalists who had crept into the ranks. These grumblers were called Protesters. Cromwell, whose principle, as he had peremptorily laid it down in a letter to Crawford, was that any man ought to be employed that would faithfully serve the State, and who was, at this moment, powerfully seconded by Monk, who had been taken in arms for Charles I., and lived to restore Charles II., artfully inflamed their conscientious irritation. Ulysses was not more skilful in the war of divisive words than Cromwell. What with his cunning arguments, what with the swift smiting of his ever-ready sword, he managed, soon after Dunbar, to ruin the Covenanting cause throughout all the south-western shires, and to leave Leslie command of nothing in Scotland south of Stirling. Nevertheless, the remnant, such as it was, that is to say, the main body of the old true-blue Covenanters, did not waver. The ways of Providence might be dark, but it was for them to walk by the simple shining of honour and duty. "The cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years past"—the cause maintained in the Great Remonstrance, and in the Solemn League between England and Scotland—the cause of the ancient mon-

archy, reconciled, as they were bound in charity to believe it now reconciled, with freedom and religion—was that for which they had fought from the first, and for which they would fight to the last.

We have been losing sight of Argyle. The fact is that he was not one of those men who move star-like through the dusky past, forcing the historical eye to read events by their light. His brain was large and clear, but, his heart was cold. He worked out the intellectual problem of his time with exactitude; but no swell of feeling rose in his breast to inspire him for mighty action, and to make him an inspiration to others. He saw that Prince Charles had granted all the English Parliament demanded of his father, that constitutional monarchy was now making its last stand against the power of the sword, that a Puritan settlement, under a young king, with guarantees of its permanence as firm as the Puritans chose to require, would be the natural, safe, and honourable conclusion of the revolution. Seeing all this, he could not abandon Charles. But neither could he throw himself into his cause with the self-sacrificing, whole-hearted enthusiasm of Montrose. He balanced himself so evenly between yes and no, and cast so many wistful glances towards the camp of Cromwell, that Charles suspected him of a design to deliver him up, and actually took flight from Perth under this impression. He returned, indeed, within forty-eight hours, but one can guess whether the relations between himself and the marquis were likely to be cordial. Some time after the rout of Dunbar, Argyle presented to Charles for signature a letter which was to form the basis of an agreement between them. In this curious document, the prince engages to make Argyle a duke, a knight of the garter, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, to "hearken to his counsels," and, in the event of Charles's restoration to the throne of England, to "see him paid the forty thousand pounds sterling due to him." This is not the sort of loyalty we expect from a hero.

But the fighting Covenanters were of a different temper from Argyle. Let us not impute his chill and calculating spirit to men who might respect but who never loved him. On the 2nd of January, 1651, as if in solemn announcement, four months after Dunbar, that they still held to their principles, and would die for their king, they crowned Charles in the church of Scoon. He was conducted by

his nobles from the old palace to the old church, the spurs carried by the Earl of Eglinton, the sword by the Earl of Rothes, the sceptre by the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, the crown by the Marquis of Argyle. On the king's right walked the great constable, on his left the great marshal. Over his head a canopy of crimson velvet was borne by six earls' sons, and four earls' sons upheld his train. In the church, on a raised platform duly carpeted, was placed the throne. Ere he ascended it, Charles seated himself in a chair placed before the preacher, on the common level of the congregation, and took part in divine service. Mr. Robert Douglas, moderator of the Commission of General Assembly, preached the sermon. The text was that stern passage of the Hebrew annals, in which we are told how Jehoiada, priest of Jehovah, and the faithful captains of the host, rescued the boy Joash from the daughter of Jezebel, the intriguing, blood-thirsty Athaliah, and crowned him as the covenanted king of Israel. Mr. Douglas dealt plainly with Charles in his adversity, but the Church of Scotland had not flattered kings in the day of their power. He was exhorted to be all that Trajan had been said to be—devout at home, courageous in war, just in his judicatories, prudent in his affairs. Of the doctrine of divine-right royalty—that sugar of lead which the Anglican Church has so industriously dropped into the ears of her kings—there was no trace. "Kings are deceived," said Mr. Douglas, "who think that the people are ordained for the king, and not the king for the people." "The king is the MINISTER OF GOD FOR THE PEOPLE'S GOOD." "The king hath his distinct possessions and revenues from the people; he must not oppress and do what he pleases; there must be no tyranny upon the throne." Scotsmen may reflect with pride that these words were spoken to the last king ever crowned in Scotland.

After service the ceremony of coronation proceeded. Charles kneeling and lifting up his right hand, said, "I, Charles, king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, do assure and declare, by my solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, my allowance and approbation of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant . . . and that I shall give my royal assent to acts and ordinances of Parliament passed, enjoining the same, in my other dominions." Observe the

scrupulous respect shown to the rights of the English Parliament! The crown was set upon Charles's head by the Marquis of Argyle. Under the wintry heaven, as earnestly as ever from the heart of David or of Jeremiah, rose from the congregation that Hebrew psalm of prayer—

Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send.

The trouble had come, and Jehovah did not avert it. Cut off from all the world, with Oliver Cromwell before them and the haggard hills and moaning ocean behind, the Covenanters still held out for eight long months, and then, giving Cromwell the slip with an adroit skill that Oliver never equalled, Leslie marched with his little army for England. Did Argyle cast in his lot with the intrepid remnant and do at least one perfectly heroic thing? Alas, no! His heart failed him; he remained behind; and the glory of Worcester is not his. Steadily penetrating into England, Lambert on his flank and Cromwell in his rear, Leslie conducted his army to Worcester. With a mean effusiveness of enthusiasm for the winning side which drew a contemptuous rebuke from Cromwell himself, the forces of the English counties came flocking, vulture-like, to be in at the death. Enormously outnumbered, ill-armed, half-starving, the little Scottish army fought on for four hours, vindicating forever the honour of Scotland by spurning, with death before its eyes, the offers of accommodation made by Cromwell at the price of sacrificing the king. The sword was now supreme in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and Cromwell expressly said that Scotland had given the army more trouble than any other part of the three kingdoms.

The Covenanters who sank in their attempt to establish the monarchy on a constitutional basis ten years before the Restoration, were the fathers of the historical Whig party. The name was first applied to those Covenanters who rose upon and disarmed the stragglers from Hamilton's expedition, as they made their way back to Scotland. The name, or nickname, then given them was naturally applied to that political party which maintained their principle of submitting neither to the will of a tyrant nor to the dictation of an army, of accepting neither a dynasty without liberty nor liberty with obliteration of the old lines of the constitution. The Puritan revolu-

tion as led by Eliot, Hampden, Pym, — the Puritan revolution of the Bill of Rights, and the Great Remonstrance, and the Solemn League and Covenant, — the Puritan revolution which fought the king in his own name, and had as one of its fundamental objects to make the monarchy possible and permanent — was Whig. Had it triumphed in 1650 instead of in 1688, there would probably have been retained in the political and social constitution of England, and in the temper and habits of the people, more of the elevation and moral ardour of the Puritans than have been traceable since the seventeenth century. Even if we grant that Cromwell, Milton, Ireton, and the Ironside invincibles of Naseby and Dunbar, represent the purest splendence of spiritual enthusiasm that ever glowed in England, we may maintain that this was too much above the habitual mood of the English people for permanence, and that, if a less lofty flight had been attempted, the utter collapse of Puritanism in England when Cromwell died might have been avoided.

During the Protectorate, favour was shown by the ruling powers in Scotland to that party among the Covenanting clergy which had distrusted and forsaken Charles. Protesters were placed in vacant charges by forcible intervention of Cromwell's soldiers, although the congregations detested the intrusion. This riveted the affection of the people to the main body of the Presbyterian preachers. They clung to a Church identified with the cause of national independence; and though the number of Protesters in the occupation of pulpits increased, the principles of the sectaries, as they were called, made no way in Scotland. These considerations enable us to do justice to Charles in estimating the guilt of ingratitude laid to his charge on account of his conduct, at the Restoration, to the Church of Scotland. On any showing, it was bad enough. But for eleven years before he ascended the throne, the ministers promoted to livings in Scotland had belonged to the party which did its worst to ruin him, whose divisive courses after Dunbar had caused bitter anguish to Charles's Covenanting allies. To those Covenanters who had stood by him to the last, Charles was not more ungrateful than the indolent facility of his character, and the furious anti-Presbyterian zeal of his chief advisers on Scottish affairs, might have led us to expect. David Leslie had no occasion to complain of

Charles. He had given up his sword to Cromwell at Worcester, but, like a brave and high-principled man, he declined to make his peace with the Protector, and remained in the Tower till the Restoration. He was then rewarded by Charles with a pension and a peerage.

The hostility of Cromwell endeared the Church of Scotland to the people. The atrocious maladministration of Scotland between 1660 and 1688 had a similar tendency. Physical defeat, political failure ensured for the Church complete spiritual conquest. She had leant upon the sword, and it had pierced her. She had been a great power in politics; and under her auspices disaster followed disaster, army after army was destroyed. When she could not place a squadron in the field, when she was despised and persecuted by statesmen, she became finally and immovably enthroned in the affections of Scotchmen. She had the felicity of being always on the side of Scotland's freedom, independence, or good government, freedom against Charles I., independence against Cromwell, good government against Lauderdale and Claverhouse. She continued, therefore, to be the Church of the Scottish people; and those who have seceded from her since the seventeenth century have seceded, not because they wished to change her, but because they objected to her being changed. No lesson of her history, however, is more impressive than the unquestionable fact that her intermeddling with politics resulted in calamity to herself and to Scotland. Was this the reason why M'Crie, having told the tale of her struggles under Knox and Melville, left the tale of her predominance untold?

For Scotland it was probably, after all, well that the victory of the Covenanters was wholly in the spiritual province. Had the simpleton Committee of Estates and Church let David Leslie deal with Cromwell in his own way; had Oliver been seriously crippled; had the immense party in England which desired nothing better than that Charles should reign under constitutional restraints coalesced with the Covenanters and effected a settlement, the Scots might, or must, have attained an ascendancy in the councils of the island which could hardly have promoted the general welfare. All thoughtful and well-informed Englishmen admit that the vindication of Scottish independence by Bruce and Wallace was a benefit to England. Scotland, had the Refor-

mation been offered at the point of the English sword, would have rejected it as implacably as Ireland, and *two* Irelands would certainly have clogged the wheels of England. But if the Scots had conquered at Dunbar, they might have become arrogant. Either they might have clung to their local independence, perpetuating a cumbrous and dangerous dualism in Great Britain, or they might have claimed more than their share in the common government. It was beneficial that Scotland should achieve self-respect and the respect of England; but it was also desirable that the *ingenium perfervidum* should be toned down a little, and that Scotchmen should know that they are to Englishmen as one to seven. It is perhaps not far from the truth to say that, next to the victory of Bannockburn, the best thing that ever happened to Scotland was the defeat of Dunbar, and that high among the benefactors of Scotland, not far behind Wallace and Bruce, stands Oliver Cromwell.

During the Protectorate Argyle was a judicious trimmer, anxiously civil to Oliver, hated as false and half-hearted both by Scotch and English. At the restoration he posted up to London, but Charles refused to see him, had him arrested, sent to Scotland, tried and executed. This was a murder. For all that Argyle did against Charles I. he had obtained the amplest indemnity before he crowned Charles II., and there was no legal ground for exempting him from the general pardon granted to those who had gone with the stream between 1651 and 1660, or had intrigued against the Restoration. Charles II. murdered Argyle. But it was a murder with palliations. How could life be endurable for Charles while Argyle continued to breathe? There was, for example, the little bill for the dukedom, the garter, the forty thousand pounds. It would not have been pleasant for Charles to have his attention called to that friendly transaction. But that was not the worst. How could the gay Sybarite bear to have his dead past, his buried conscience, raised from the tomb, and set to glare withal on that scowling brow, in those grey, searching eyes? Conscience incarnated in Argyle, conscience, stalking grimly in among the throng of courtiers, say when Charles sat wreathed in smiles between Buckingham and Nelly, and recalling to him that hour when he sat on the floor of the old church of Scone, and heard Mr. Douglas thunder on the rescue of Joash and the sins of

the house of Ahab,—that moment when he knelt before God, and, with uplifted hand, swore to maintain the Covenants,—would have made life not worth having for Charles. He committed murder; but no murderer could plead greater palliations.

From Good Words.

FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELow.

CHAPTER XIII.

VENERABLE ANCIENTRY.

"Even as the sparrow findeth an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, so I seek thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." — PSALM lxxxiv., *Marginal Translation*.

RISEING early the next morning, Brandon found that he had an hour to spare before breakfast, and sallied forth for an early walk. A delicate hoar-frost still made white the shade, and sparkled all over the sombre leaves of some fine yew-trees that grew outside the garden-wall.

Walking up a little rise, he saw the weathercock and one turret of a church-tower peering over the edge of a small steep hill, close at hand, and turning toward it he went briskly on, under the lee of a short fir-plantation, all the grass being pure and fresh with hoar-frost, which melted in every hollow and shadow as fast as the sun came round to it.

The house was too large and pretentious for the grounds it stood in, these being hardly extensive enough to be called a park; they consisted of finely varied wood and dell, and were laid out in grass and fed off by sheep.

He passed through a gate into the churchyard, which had a very little valley all to itself, the land rising on every side so as to make a deep nest for it. Such a venerable, low, long church! taking old age so quietly, covering itself with ivy and ferns, and having a general air of mossiness, and subsidence into the bosom of the earth again, from whence its brown old stones had been quarried. For, as is often the case with an old burial-place, the soil had greatly risen, so that one who walked between the graves could see the whole interior of the place through the windows. The tiled roof, sparkling and white with the morning frost, was beginning to drip, and dew shone on the melting rime, while all

around the enclosure orchards were planted, and the trees leaned over their boughs.

A woman, stepping from a cottage on the rise, held up a great key to him, and he advanced, took it, and told her he would return it.

A large heavy thing it was, that looked as if it might be hundreds of years old; he turned the lock with it and stepped in, walking down the small brick aisle, observing the ancient oaken seats, the quaint pulpit, and strange brasses; till white, staring, obtrusive, and all out of taste, he saw in the chancel what he had come to look for, a great white marble monument, on the south side; four fluttering cherubs, with short wings that appeared to hold up a marble slab, while two weeping figures knelt below. First was recorded on the slab the death of Augustus Cuthbert Melcombe, only son of Cuthbert Melcombe, gent., of this place. Then followed the date of his birth, and there was no date of death, merely the information that he was a lieutenant in the royal navy. Brandon copied this inscription into his note-book.

Below was the name of the young man's only sister, aged ninety-seven, "universally beloved and respected;" then the solemn words used before death by the aged patriarch, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." All about the chancel were various small tablets in memory of the successive vicars of the place and their families, but no others with the name of Melcombe on them. The whole building was so overflowing with the records of human creatures, inside and out, it appeared as if so saturated with man's thoughts, so used to man's prayers and tears, so about presently to decline and subside into the earth as he does, that there was almost an effort in believing that it was empty of the beings it seemed to be a part of—empty of those whom we call the living.

It was easy to move reverently and feel awed in the face of this venerable ancestry. This was the place, then, where that poor woman had worshipped whose son "had never judged her."

"If I settled," he thought, "in a new country, this is the sort of scene that, from time to time, would recur to my thoughts and get hold of me, with almost intolerable power to make life one craving for home.

"How hard to take root in a soil my fathers never ploughed! Let me abide where my story grew, where my dead are

laid, in a country full of days, full of the echoes of old Englishmen's talk, and whose sunsets are stained as if with the blood shed for their liberties."

He left the church, noticing, as he went down the aisle, numbers of dog-eared books in the different pews, and the narrow window at the east end now letting in long shafts of sunshine; but there was nothing to inform him of any fact that threw light on his step-father's letter, and he returned the key to the sexton's wife, and went back to breakfast, telling Mrs. Melcombe where he had been, and remarking that there was no date of death on Augustus Melcombe's tomb.

"I think they did not know the date," she replied. "It was during the long French war that he died, and they were some time uncertain of the fact, but at length the eldest son going to London, wrote his mother an account of how he had met with the captain of his young uncle's ship, and had been told of his death at sea, somewhere near the West Indies. The dear grandmother showed me that letter," observed Mrs. Melcombe, "when first I married."

Brandon listened attentively, and when he was alone set that down also in his note-book, then considering that neither the ghost nor the young lieutenant need trouble him further, he felt that all his suspicions were cast loose into a fathomless sea, from which he could fish nothing up; but the little heir was well and happy, and he devoutly hoped that he would remain so, and save to himself the anxiety of showing, and to Valentine the pain and doubt that would come of reading the letter.

Mrs. Melcombe, narrow as were her thoughts, was, notwithstanding, a schemer in a small way. She had felt that Brandon must have had something to say to Laura when she herself coming up had interrupted him. Laura had few reserves from her, so when she had ascertained that nothing had occurred when she had left them together in the grandmother's sitting-room but such talk as naturally arose out of the visit to it, she resolved to give him another opportunity, and after breakfast was about to propose a walk, when he helped her by asking her to show him that room again.

"I should like so much to have a photograph of Mr. Mortimer's picture," he said; "may I see it again?"

Nothing more easy. They all went up to the room; a fire had been lighted to

air it, because its atmosphere had felt chilly the day before. Laura seated herself again on the sofa. Brandon, with pen and ink, began trying to make a sketch of the portrait, and very soon found himself alone with Laura, as he had fully expected would be the case. Whereupon, sitting with his back to her, and working away at his etching, he presently said —

"I mentioned yesterday to Mrs. Melcombe that I had come on business."

"Yes," Laura answered.

"So as it concerns only you, I will, if you please, explain it now."

As he leaned slightly round towards her Laura looked up, but she was mute through surprise. There was something in this voice at once penetrative and sweet; but now she was again conscious of what sounded like a delicately-hinted reproof.

"A young man," he proceeded, "whom I have known almost all my life — in fact, I may call him a friend of mine — told me of an event that had taken place — he called it a misfortune that had befallen him. It had greatly unsettled him, he said, for a long time; and now that he was getting over it, and wanted to forget it, he wished for a change, would like to go abroad, and asked if I could help him. I have many foreign acquaintances. It so chanced that I had just been applied to by one of them to send him out an Englishman, a clerk, to help him with his English correspondence. So I proposed to this young fellow to go, and he gladly consented."

Laura said nothing. Brandon's words did not lead her to think of Joseph. So she thought of him, wishing she had been so led. She noticed, however, a slight emphasis in the words which informed her that the young man, whoever he was, "was getting over his misfortune, and wanted to forget it."

"It was very kind of you," she said at last, after a long pause.

Brandon turned. Her words were ambiguous, and he wished to be understood. "You observe, no doubt, Miss Melcombe," he said, "that I am speaking of Joseph Swan?"

"Joseph Swan!" Laura repeated, "then he is going away."

"Yes; but when I had secured this situation for him, he said he felt that he must tell me what had occurred. He told me of an attachment that he had formed, and whatever I may think as to the prudence displayed in the affair, you

know best whether *he* was at all to blame. He had received certain promises, so he assured me, and for a long time he had buoyed himself up with hope, but after that, feeling himself very much injured, and knowing that he had been deceived, he had determined to go away."

Laura had never expected to have her conduct brought home to her, and she had actually been almost unaware that she was to blame.

"It was Amelia's doing," she murmured.

Brandon was anxious to speak guardedly, and would not mention Joseph's name again lest Mrs. Melcombe should enter suddenly and hear it, so he answered, "Yes; and the young man told me he knew you were very much afraid of your sister-in-law. It appears, however, that you had written to him."

"I did, two or three times," said Laura.

"So in case you should in after years feel anxious as to what had become of those letters, or should feel some compunction for groundless hope excited and for causeless caprice, I undertook to tell you as a message from this young man, that, considering you to be completely under the dominion of your sister-in-law, he does not at all blame you, he does not admit that you are in fault; in one sense, now that he can look back on his attachment as over, he declares that he is the better for it, because it induced him to work hard at improving himself. He is to go out to Santo Domingo, where, in a new climate, and hearing a new language, he can begin life afresh; but he wishes you to be assured that he shall never trouble or annoy you, and he returns you your letters. I promised to say all this to you as a message from this young man — a young man, who, whatever the world may call him, deserves, I think, by you (and me) to be from henceforth always regarded as a gentleman. Will you allow me to give you this packet?"

He had risen as he spoke, and while approaching her produced a small packet carefully done up; but Laura did not stir. She had dropped her hands on her knees, and he, stooping, laid it upon them, when meeting her eyes for a moment, he observed with amazement and discomfiture that she was silent not from shame and compunction for what had seemed very unfeminine and heartless conduct, but from a rapture that seemed too deep for words.

"Miss Melcombe!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice,

"It is an island that he is going to then. I always thought I should not mind marrying him if he would go to a desert island. And so he loved me, really and truly?"

"It appears that he did, *some time ago*," said Brandon, rather pointedly.

"Does any one else know," Laura asked, "but you?"

"Yes; John Mortimer does."

Laura blushed deeply.

"Joseph told him first about this affair, but did not divulge the lady's name. After all was settled, he acknowledged to us both that you were the lady. John was very glad that I was willing personally to give the letters into your hands again."

"I suppose he thought I had been very imprudent?"

Brandon recalled the scene. John had in fact expressed himself to that effect in no measured terms; but he had been pleasant and even cordial to Joseph, partly because the young man declared the thing to be quite over, partly because he did him the justice to remember that such an acquaintance must always have been begun by the woman. It could not possibly be Joe's doing that he had corresponded with Laura Melcombe.

Laura repeated her words.

"I suppose he thought I had been very imprudent?"

"Perhaps he did."

"Perhaps he thought I had been heartless too?"

"Not to bring the thing to a decided and honourable termination?—yes, probably. He remarked that it certainly was most unnecessary to have behaved as you have done."

"How so, Mr. Brandon?"

"I believe, indeed, I am sure, that you are of age?"

"Yes, I am. He meant that no one can really prevent my doing as I please; but Amelia wanted me to ignore the whole thing because she was so ashamed of him and his people."

"He told John so."

"And what did he answer?"

"Among other things, he said he was glad it was all over."

"Yes," said Laura, not in the least impressed by this hint, "but what else?"

"He said, 'Joe, you ought to have been above wanting to marry any woman who was ashamed of you. I wouldn't do such a thing on any account.'"

"He said that?" cried Laura, rather startled.

"Yes, and I quite agreed with him—I told Joe that I did."

"Did he say anything more?"

Brandon hesitated, and at length, finding that she would wait till he spoke, he said—

"He told Joe he ought to be thankful to have the thing over, and said that he had come out of it well, and the lady had not."

"Amelia is not half so unkind as you are," said Laura, when she had made him say this, and a quiet tear stole down her cheek and dropped on her hand.

"Pardon me! I think that for myself I have expressed no opinion but this one, that Joe Swan deserves your respect for the manly care he has taken to shield you from blame, spare you anxiety, and terminate the matter properly."

"Terminate!" repeated Laura; "yes, that is where you are so unkind."

"Am I expected to help her to bring in on again?" thought Brandon. "No; I have a great respect for fools, and they must marry like other people; but oh, Joey, Joey Swan, if you are one, which I thought you the other day (and the soul of honour too!), I think if you still cared about it, you could soon get yourself mated with a greater one still! Laura Melcombe would be at least a fair match for you in that particular. But no, Joey, I decline to interfere any further."

CHAPTER XIV.

EMILY.

"Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible, soft melancholy."

"Has she no faults then," Envy says, "Sir?"

"Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

JOHN MORTIMER was sitting at breakfast the very morning after this conversation had taken place at Melcombe. No less than four of his children were waiting on him; Gladys was drying his limp newspaper at a bright fire, Barbara spreading butter on his toast, little Hugh kneeling on a chair, with his elbows on the table, was reading him a choice anecdote from a child's book of natural history, and Anastasia, while he poured out his coffee with one hand, had got hold of the other, which she was folding up industriously in her pinafore and frock, because she said it was cold. It was a windy, chilly, and exasperatingly bright spring morning; and the sunshine appeared

to prick the traveller all over rather than to warm him. Not at all the morning for an early walk, but John, lifting up his eyes, saw a lady in the garden, and in another instant Mrs. Frederic Walker was shown in."

"What, Emily!" exclaimed John, starting up.

"Yes, John; but my soldier and my valuable infant are both quite well. Now, if you don't go on with your breakfast, I shall depart. Let me sit by the fire and warm my feet."

"You have breakfasted?"

"Of course. How patriarchal you look, John, sitting in state to be adored!"

Thereupon, turning away from the fire, she began to smile upon the little Anastasia, and without any more direct invitation, the small coquette allowed herself to be decoyed from her father to sit on the visitor's knee. Emily had already thrown off her fur wraps, and the child, making herself very much at home in her arms, began presently to look at her brooch and other ornaments, the touch of her small fingers appearing to give pleasure to Emily, who took up one of the fat little pink hands, and kissed it fondly.

"What is that lady's name, Nancy?" said John.

"Mrs. Nemily," answered the child.

"You have still a little nursery English left about you, John," said Emily. "How sweet it is! My boy has that yet to come; he can hardly say half-a-dozen words."

Then Gladys entering the room with a cup and saucer, she rose and came to the table.

"That milk looks so nice—give me some of it. How pleasant it is to feel cold and hungry, as one does in England! No, John, not ham; I will have some bread and marmalade. Do the children always wait on you, John, at breakfast?"

There was something peculiarly sweet and penetrative in the voices of Brandon and his sister; but this second quality sometimes appeared to give more significance to their words than they had intended.

"Always. Does it appear an odd arrangement in your eyes?"

"Father," said Barbara, "here is your paper. I have cut the leaves."

"Thank you, my dear; put it down. You should consider, Emily, my great age and exaltation in the eyes of these youngsters. Don't you perceive that I am a middle-aged man, madam?"

"Middle-aged, indeed! You are not

thirty-six till the end of September, you know—the 28th of September. And oh, John, you cannot think how young you look! just as if you had stolen all these children, and they were not really yours. You have so many of them, too, while I have only one, and he is such a little one—he is only two years old."

While she spoke a bell began to ring, and the two elder children, wishing her good-bye, left the room.

"Do you think those girls are growing like their mother?" asked John.

"I think they are a little. Perhaps that pretty way they have of taking up their eye-glasses when they come forward to look at anything, makes them seem more like than they are."

John scarcely ever mentioned his wife, but before Emily most people spoke without reserve.

"Only one of the whole tribe is like her in mind and disposition," he continued.

"And that's a good thing," thought Emily, but she did not betray her thought.

While this talk went on the two younger children had got possession of Mrs. Nemily's watch (which hung from her neck by a long Trichinopoly chain), and were listening to a chime that it played. Emily took the boy on her knee, and it did not appear that he considered himself too big to be nursed, but began to examine the watch, putting it to his ear, while he composedly rested his head on her shoulder.

"Poor little folk," thought John, "how naturally they take to the caresses of a young mother!"

Another bell then rang.

"What order is kept in your house!" said Emily, as both the children departed, one with a kiss on her dimpled cheek and the other on his little scratched fist, which already told of much climbing.

"That is the schoolroom bell," John answered; and then Mrs. Frederic Walker laughed, and said, with a look half whimsical, half wistful—

"Oh, John, you're going to be so cross?"

"Are you going to make me cross? You had better tell me at once, then, what you are come for. Has Giles returned?"

"He came in late last night. I know what he went for, John. He thought it best to tell me. He is now gone on to the station about some affairs of his own. It seems that you both took Joey Swan's

part, and were displeased with that Laura."

"Of course. She made the poor fellow very miserable for a long time. Besides, I am ashamed of the whole derogatory affair. Did Giles see that she burnt those letters — foolish, cold-hearted creature?"

"Foolish," I dare say; but 'cold-hearted,' I don't know. St. George declared to me that he thought she was as much in love now as that goose Joseph ever was."

"Amazing!" exclaimed John, very much discomfited.

"And she tried hard to make him promise that he would keep the whole thing a profound secret, especially from you; and so of course he declined, for he felt that you must be the proper person to tell it to, though we do not know why. He reasoned with her, but he could make nothing of her."

"Perhaps she wants to bring it on again," said John. "What a pity he returned the letters before Joe had sailed!"

"No, it was the right thing to do. And, John, if love is really the sacred, strong, immortal passion made out by all the poets and novelists, I cannot see, somehow, that putty ought to stand in its light. It ought to have a soul above putty."

"With all my heart," said John; "but you see in this case it hadn't."

"It would be an *astonishingly* disadvantageous thing for our family if she ran away and married him just now, when Valentine has been making himself so ridiculous. But there is no doubt we could bring it on again, and have it done if we chose," said Emily.

John looked at her with surprise.

"But then," she continued, "I should say that the man ought to be thought of as well as herself, and she might prove a thoroughly unsuitable, foolish wife, who would soon tire of him. SHE might be very miserable also. She would not have half the chance of happiness that an ordinary marriage gives. And again, Santo Domingo is notoriously unhealthy. She might die, and if we had caused the marriage, we should feel that."

"Are you addressing this remarkable speech to yourself or to the chair?" said John, laughing.

"To the chair. But, if I am the meeting, don't propose as a resolution that this meeting is *ête montée*. John, you used to say of me before I married that I was troubled with intuitions."

"I remember that I did."

"You meant that I sometimes saw consequences very clearly, and felt that the only way to be at peace was to do the right thing, having taken some real trouble to find out what it was."

"I was not aware that I meant that. But proceed."

"When Laura was here in the autumn she often talked to Liz about little Peter Melcombe's health, and said she believed that his illness at Venice had very much shaken his constitution. His mother, she said, never would allow that there had been much the matter with him, though she had felt frightened at the time. It was the heat, Laura thought, that had been too much for him. Now, you know if that poor little fellow were to die, Valentine, who has nothing to live on, and nothing to do, is his heir. What a fine thing it would be for him!"

"I don't see yet what you mean."

"Mrs. Melcombe found out before Giles left Melcombe all about these letters. She came into the room, and Laura, who seems to have been filled with a ridiculous sort of elation to think that somebody had really loved her, betrayed it in her manner, and between her and Giles it was confessed. Mrs. Melcombe was very wroth."

"Laura has a right to do as she pleases," said John; "no one can prevent it."

"She has the right, but not the power. WE can do as we please or we can let Mrs. Melcombe do as SHE pleases."

"You mean that we can tell my gardener's son that my cousin (whom he no longer cares for) is in love with him, and, by our assistance and persuasion, we can, if we choose, bring on as foolish a marriage as ever was contemplated, and one as disadvantageous to ourselves. Now for the alternative. What can it be?"

"Mrs. Melcombe can take Laura on the Continent again, and she proposed to do it forthwith."

"And leave her boy at school? A very good thing for him."

"No, she means to take him also, and not come back till Joseph is at the other end of the world."

"Two months will see him there."

"Well, John, now you have stated the case, it does seem a strange fancy of mine to wish to interfere, and if to interfere could possibly be to our advantage——"

"You would not have thought of it! No, I am sure of that. Now my advice

is, that we let them alone all round. I don't believe, in the first place, that Joe Swan, now he has change, freedom, and a rise in life before him, would willingly marry Laura if he might. I am not at all sure that, if it came to the point, she would willingly marry him at such short notice, and leave every friend she has in the world. I think she would shrink back, for she can know nothing worth mentioning of him. As to the boy, how do you know that a tour may not be a very fine thing for him? It must be better than moping at Melcombe under petticoat government; and even if Joe married Laura to-morrow, we could not prevent Mrs. Melcombe from taking him on the Continent whenever she chose."

Emily was silent.

"And what made you talk of a runaway match?" continued John.

"Because she told Giles that the last time she saw Joseph he proposed to her to sneak away, get married before a magistrate, and go off without saying a word to anybody."

"Fools," exclaimed John, "both of them! No, we cannot afford to have any runaway matches—and of such a sort too! I should certainly interfere if I thought there was any danger of that."

"I hope you would. He wanted her to propose some scheme. I think scorn of all scheming. If she had really meant to marry him, his part should have been to see that she did it in a way that would not make it worse for her afterwards. He should have told Mrs. Melcombe fairly that she could not prevent it, and he should have taken her to church and married her like a man before plenty of witnesses in the place where she is known. If he had not shown such a craven spirit, I almost think I would have taken his part. Now, John, I know what you think; but I should have felt just the same if Valentine had not made himself ridiculous, and if I was quite sure that this would not end in a runaway match after all, and the *True Blue* be full of it."

"I believe you," said John; "and I always had a great respect for you, 'Mrs. Nemily.'"

"What are you laughing at, then?"

"Perhaps at the matronly dignity with which you have been laying down the law."

"Is that all? Oh, I always do that now I am married, John."

"You don't say so! Well, Joe Swan has worked hard at improving himself;

but though good has come out of it in the end for him, it is certainly a very queer affair. Why, in the name of common sense, couldn't Laura be contented with somebody in her own sphere?"

"I should like to know why Laura was so anxious the matter should be concealed from you," said Emily.

"Most likely she remembers that Swan is in my employment, or she may also be 'troubled with intuitions,' and know by intuition what I think of her."

"And how is Aunt Christie?" asked Emily, after a little more talk concerning Joseph's affairs.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ETON THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

AT a period when all of us are rightly anxious—and, as it seems to me, some people are distinctly mad—on the subject of the education of the masses, it may be not uninteresting to recall the system of training pursued at the first and most aristocratic of English schools just one generation ago.

Eton was at that time, to the best of my recollection, made up of some six hundred boys. To begin with the beginning, there was the Lower School, composed of the first, second, third, lower Greek and upper Greek forms, besides two other forms, styled respectively Sense and Nonsense—I presume from the character of the Latin verses which were set in each respectively. But all these Lower School forms may be described as mere skeleton regiments, or what the French call *cadres*, the whole number of boys under the control of the lower master and his three assistants averaging some twenty or thereabouts—while twelve masters only were allotted to the remaining five hundred and eighty boys. This Lower School was a splendid example of what has since been termed "survival," and an excellent illustration of Eton conservatism. There really had been a time when boys had come up in numbers, of such tender years and so scantily furnished as to fill these forms, and to constitute a large part of the school. That time had vanished; yet the institution still remained. It was a kind of unknown world to the rest of the school, with separate hours for work, and under a separate code of laws, and whether, in the absence of pupils, the masters taught each other, was a subject

of speculation among the upper boys. Nor did any one exactly know whether, if a lad on first entering had the misfortune to get placed in the Lower School, there were any sure means for him to get out again, except by great increase of size, which would make the masters ashamed of him. Most boys, however, had come up sufficiently prepared to avoid falling into this gulf, and were placed in the fourth form, the lowest of the Upper School divisions. A limited number were put at once into the "remove," the division between the fourth and fifth forms. And it was an inflexible rule that no new-comer could be placed higher than this, let his attainments be what they might. These two forms, the remove and the fourth, comprised nine-tenths of the lower boys, and about three-eighths of the whole school.

I do not think that much could be said against the course of instruction we had to pass through during this part of our training. An average boy would have about two years of it. Every half year the form to which he belonged moved bodily a step upwards in the school. That is to say, the middle fourth of Christmas became the upper fourth of the following July, and passed into the remove at the succeeding Christmas, making its way by the force, so to speak, of its own impulse into the fifth form at the next Christmas after that. There were two examinations to be confronted, one on the threshold of the remove, and the other on that of the fifth form, in accordance with which the names were placed according to merit, and a few (generally some half-a-dozen) unusually idle or thick-headed boys lost their promotion. But the bulk sailed easily and peacefully into that haven of repose, the fifth form. And at this point were exhibited, in my humble opinion, some of the greatest anomalies and absurdities of the then existing Etonian system.

The practice was this. As soon as a boy had once got into the fifth form—merely shaving through, it might be, in the examination—he was safe from any further ordeal of the kind to the close of his Eton days, and moved up by seniority to be captain of the oppidans, or even of the school, which he must necessarily and infallibly become, provided he had been sent to Eton early enough to obtain a good start, and remained long enough to outlive those above him.* The "sixth

form was composed of the ten senior collegers and ten senior oppidans, and included some of the very worst scholars of both orders in its bosom. And this was of a piece with what might be observed all through the school owing to the "remove" system. A boy's place on the general roll was no more a criterion of his acquirements and industry than would be the "year" of a young man at Oxford or Cambridge. His place in his division was indeed a test of his acquirements at the time when the place was fixed, and to go into the fifth as "captain of one's remove" was equivalent to a small senior wranglership. But, as we have seen, this would be the result of an examination occurring at a comparatively early period of the boy's Eton career, and no subsequent test was applied. The consequences of this sort of irremovability were just what might have been expected in the case of those boys who required some sort of stimulus to call forth their energies, that is to say, in the case of at least two-thirds of them.

Of the six so-called working-days of the week, one was always a holiday, and one a half-holiday. In addition to this, every saint's day was a holiday, and every eve of a saint's day a half-holiday. Two whole holidays in a week (I have known three) and two half-holidays were consequently of common occurrence: and if to these be added "play after four" on summer afternoons, we shall be making a very fair allowance if we put down the working-days of the week as upon an average three.

These three school-days of a fifth-form boy—and the hours and the work were the same all through the numerous divisions of the form—would be spent pretty much as follows:—The whole time spent in school throughout the day was from one hour and three quarters to two hours and a half as the maximum. First a few minutes between eight and nine, when we had to say in turn to a master, and were at liberty to walk out when we had repeated the dozen lines or so called for. Then from about ten minutes past eleven till a quarter to twelve: from ten minutes past three to a quarter to four, and finally from ten minutes past five to six: these three last lessons for construing. I have some

on the foundation, a change took place during my school-days, and I believe that they had some sort of examination at a later period, in accordance with which their seniority on the list for King's was fixed.

* With regard to the collegers, *i.e.*, the seventy boys

recollection, moreover, of Friday being a great "saying-day," when a boy who stood pretty high up in his division, and judged his turn well, might get off with about fifteen minutes' schooling in the twenty-four hours. In order, however, to acquire an idea of the sort of work done on these whole school-days, it will be worth while to examine them somewhat more closely.

The hour from eight to nine witnessed, as I have said, the commencement of our labours. We had to stand up in turn and repeat some portion of thirty lines of the *Iliad*, or of the *Æneid*, or some ode of Horace, the construing-lesson of the day before. The boys at the head of the division would have to be out of bed the earliest, in order to be in school at eight, when their turn came; but they would be out of school again in a few minutes. Those at the bottom of the division would have half-an-hour longer to devote to their slumbers, and would not be obliged to present themselves till half past eight, at which time the præpostor's list closed; but, on the other hand, they would have nearly half-an-hour to spend in school waiting for their turn. *Aurea mediocritas!* those who like myself were usually in the middle of a division had in this, as in almost everything else, the advantage. We rose at eight, got into school at twenty-five minutes past—it would not do to run it too fine—and were out again in ten minutes at the latest. When you had been "up" to a master for a few weeks, you could judge with the greatest nicety the period when your turn would come.

The subject-matter of this repetition was, as I have said, the lesson of the day before. Every boy had had this lesson construed to him once at his tutor's, and once, or more commonly twice, in school, not to speak of any superfluous preparation which he might have devoted to it in the first instances himself. It resulted from this, and from the subject being in verse, which greatly facilitated his task, that a boy of average capacity came into school next morning already quite prepared to stand the test of saying off some few lines to the master, who was generally liberal in his promptings. Indeed, from the system adopted, a boy, when he had been any length of time in the fifth form had been so often over the same books that he was spared any trouble at all upon the subject. The results of these constant repetitions have remained

with many of us to this very day; and I could, with very little preparation, repeat large portions of the *Æneid*, and nearly the whole of the Odes of Horace. Now this may be a very desirable result; but what I am saying just at the present moment is that the eight o'clock lesson was not very hard work.

The next lesson took place nominally at eleven, really at from ten minutes to a quarter past eleven (when an assemblage of the masters, called "chambers," had broken up), and lasted without intermission till a quarter to twelve. The inevitable thirty lines of Homer, or Virgil, or "*Poeta Græci*," formed the subject of this and the two afternoon lessons, which exactly resembled it. Each division contained at that time about sixty boys, and any boy was liable to be called up to construe; but the best construers were naturally the most frequently called upon, and the turn of a medium performer did not come on an average more often than three or four times in a half-year. After translating some dozen lines he was told to sit down, or in case of egregious failure visited with a punishment which usually took the form of having "to write out and translate his lesson." But this could only happen in the case of a very careless or a very stupid boy: the school-arrangements providing a machinery by which all but the least attentive and the least gifted could pick up their lessons beforehand with scarce a particle of trouble. This was the private construing in the private tutor's pupil-room, which took place immediately before each school-lesson, and lasted about a quarter of an hour. At this were assembled all the sixth and fifth form of the various divisions who happened to be under the private tuition of the same master, and among these were pretty sure to be found a sixth-form collegier, or one or two good scholars in the upper division. These—of course in this place I can only speak as to my own tutor—were almost invariably set to translate the lesson, which they did with the greatest ease, generally recognizing in it an old friend; and we, the juniors, had only to follow them over the hard words and difficult passages to become tolerably up to our work. This process was so very successful that though many of us had English translations, or "cribs" as they were called, we very seldom needed to use them.

The books used in the fifth form—besides the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, Horace, and

I think some scraps of Ovid for repetition merely—consisted of three "Selections" or "Readers:" "*Poeta Græci*," which contained some picked passages from Homer's *Odyssey*, Callimachus, Theocritus, &c., together with "*Scriptores Græci*" and "*Scriptores Romani*," which were similarly made up of titbits from the best Greek and Latin prose-writers. A lad would go on grinding at the above scanty provender from the age it might be of twelve to that of twenty, with little or no change. Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Persius, Juvenal, Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, Demosthenes, the tragedians (except in the head-master's division), Aristophanes, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, in short, all but four of the great authors of Greece and Rome, and those four poets, were entirely unknown to us, except it might be through the medium of certain fragments in the "Selections" aforesaid, where I believe that the majority of them were wholly unrepresented. It seems almost incredible that a young man could go up to the university from the upper-fifth form of the first classical school in England ignorant almost of the very names of these authors. Yet such was the case sometimes. It was very much my own case.

I must not omit the composition of themes and Latin verses in alternate weeks, a certain number of lines varying according to the successive divisions of the form; sixteen, eighteen, or twenty being the minimum. I remember that we acquired at last such a mischievous facility at this kind of work that we used to knock off our exercises at breakfast and tea, and the clever boys wrote them by way of amusement for the stupid ones.

There remained the head-master's division after the fifth. This, as I have said before, comprised a by no means picked lot, but (at any rate as far as the oppidans were concerned) the last survivors and representatives of otherwise extinct removes, who had worked their way by seniority from the bottom of the fifth form, just as naval officers when once "posted" mellow insensibly into admirals. I do not know by experience what were the books read in this division, but I believe that, with the exception of a little Greek play, they were identical with those in use in the divisions below; the boys belonging to it certainly attended most of our private construings.

The reply to all this, and to a great deal more that might be told of a like kind, will be that under the old system

good scholars were produced. It must be admitted that a good many youths, the early part of whose education had been received at Eton, and who subsequently spent three years and a half at college, took good degrees there. It must be admitted also that many scholarships and prizes for poems were carried off by Eton men. But the wonder would have been if this had been otherwise. And the proportion of these was not, I venture to say, anything like what might have been expected from the numbers of the school. Moreover, if the matter be looked into a little more closely, it will be found that at least three-fourths of these distinctions (at any rate at Cambridge) were carried off by King's men, *i.e.*, by those who at Eton had been among the seventy collegers or gown-boys, sons of poor parents, who as a general rule did work, and who were greatly looked down upon by the rest of the boys for their poverty and their industry.* But after all the reply does not meet the case above disclosed. A boy with an aptitude for classics will become a scholar in spite of all disadvantages. The proper test of the system would be what it did for average boys who are naturally idle when not compelled to work, and I am quite sure that for these it did but little.

No wonder that when the institutions of the place breathed a spirit of gentlemanly idleness, the boys caught the prevailing tone and exaggerated it. A curious answer of Lord Morley (then Lord Boringdon) is recorded in the report of the public schools commission. He was asked whether a boy would be looked down upon at Eton for being industrious in school-work. His answer was, "Not if he could do something else well." That is to say, prowess on the river, or at cricket, or foot-ball might be pleaded as an excuse for scholarship. Where this excuse was wanting, public feeling would be dead against the offender. Lord Morley's answer exactly expresses what was in my time, and what seems to have been at a much later time, what perhaps is now, the spirit of the school.

The Upper School masters, with each of them a houseful of seven-and-twenty boys to look after at home, and a division of sixty or so to look after in school,

* King's men could not compete for the classical prizes till 1853, since which time they have done wonders. What they have done in the matter of distinctions—such as the Craven scholarship and the Browne medals—always open to them may be seen by referring to the Cambridge calendar.

were sadly overtaken, and could not possibly suffice for the duties properly attaching to their position. There were some extremely good men among them, and there were (what there need not have been) some extremely bad ones. This latter result was brought about by an adherence to an old and absurd tradition, which had nothing in the world to recommend it except that it *was* a tradition; and that was everything in the eyes of the Eton authorities. It was held that Eton masters must have been Eton collegers, and the almost universal rule was to select them from an extremely limited field, the single college of King's at Cambridge. Hence it happened more than once that a vacancy occurring, and no good man, being eligible for the post, an indifferent one had to be taken. This inefficiency of some of the masters was no secret to the boys, who are, indeed, usually the first to discover this quality, or rather absence of quality, in their teachers. There were houses, consequently, which were a complete paradise for lazy boys—oh, how the rest of us wished that our parents had only sent us there!—and divisions in which it was a well-understood thing that nothing need be learnt or was to be learnt, except to be sure to go on being “a gentleman:” a lesson which was taught us all through the school, and perhaps the most important of all lessons. Only, some of us middle-aged folk would like to have had a little more Latin, Greek, and mathematics taught us at the same time.

The mention of mathematics reminds me that they were almost unknown at Eton on my first arrival there, five-and-thirty years ago, and at the date of my departure figured only on the list of extras in company with dancing, fencing, and other elegant accomplishments to be learnt and paid for separately at the option of the boys' parents. I remember, as a lower boy, going a few times to one Mr. Hexter, a gentleman of about eighty years, and who was very much respected from the circumstance of his being a magistrate, and if I remember rightly a deputy-lieutenant, for the county of Bucks; it is possible that he may have seen what are called better days. In company with this venerable man a few of us—I should think some twenty—worked out sums of arithmetic on slates whenever we chose to visit him, which was not often. On our entrance into the fifth form we were addressed to Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, the late admirable

mathematical master, who in those days held a small class in a room at the top of a dame's house, remotely situated on the confines of the playing-fields, which room he rented for the purpose. In the course of a short time, Mr. Hawtrey, to whom Eton owes a deep debt of gratitude, built a “Mathematical School” with a dome on the top of it, and thus along with a local habitation, gave a certain name and dignity to the study, which rapidly increased in favour. But it was still optional only, and, what was worse, optional to a great extent with the boys as well as their parents. The extra-masters either did not possess the machinery for enforcing attendance, or, as seems more probable, hesitated to exercise it. And all this in face of the rule then prevalent at Cambridge that no one could compete for classical honours without first obtaining mathematical ones.

I cannot close this paper without advertent to two extremely singular institutions, much cherished by the authorities of my day as accessories to their system, and which indeed seem to me admirably to illustrate that system. One was the theory of “bounds,” and the other the practice of public flogging. In neither case, if I were endeavouring to explain the matter to an educated Frenchman, should I feel quite sure that he believed me to be speaking the truth.

To begin with flogging. It was, in my time, so far from being a punishment administered on special occasions only, or with any degree of solemnity, that some half-dozen to a dozen boys were flogged every day. It was entirely public; any one who chose might drop in. I have sometimes been one of three spectators, and sometimes one of a hundred. These latter large assemblages were collected, of course, only on occasions of very great interest, either as to quantity or quality—a member of the eight, or the eleven, to be “swished,” as they used to term it, or a number of culprits to catch it for doing something or other particularly heinous—smoking or drinking, or going to Ascot on the sly. The crowd on these occasions (always swollen by the culprits' particular friends and associates, who came to see how they “stood it”) would throng the staircase leading up to the head-master's room, flattening their noses against the balustrades and the oaken door, struggling and elbowing for places, vociferating, chaffing, fighting, in the intervals of peeling oranges and cracking nuts, just for

all the world as it is said that mobs used to go on outside Newgate. Then, sometimes after an interval of a quarter of an hour, the door would be thrown open from within, and spectators and victims, in one confused mass, poured into the execution-chamber.

Any one who had been borne in along with them might have chanced to witness, as I more than once did, a scene which could scarcely have had its parallel in any civilized country. Not that I am one of those persons with a kind of humanitarian softening of the brain who cry out for the total abolition of corporal punishment in our schools. Certain imps of ten or twelve may be uncontrollable by other means. But that a young man of eighteen, nineteen, or even it might be of twenty years, should be made to kneel down after the fashion of a little boy, *nudis natibus*, and on that portion of the frame which I have taken the liberty of clothing (it must be thought of as having no other clothing) in a dead language, should receive successive strokes from a huge birch rod, before a large concourse of spectators — all this constitutes a picture which would have presented itself to any one but the Eton authorities as a caricature, and what is worse, an indecent caricature. I remember sometimes thinking as a boy, after witnessing one of these spectacles, how ashamed of himself the head-master must feel, even though the person he had been striking was one of his own size.

It will be thought that the head-master's division being exempt from corporal punishment, such an event as the birching of a youth of eighteen or nineteen could rarely, if ever, take place. No doubt it was not common, for this, among other reasons, that there were not a great many young men over eighteen in the whole school. Yet it did sometimes occur, and was to be publicly witnessed, and this is all that I have stated. Indeed, it stands to reason that this must have been so, when the line which carried exemption was drawn after the first thirty or so boys in the school, and was not based on any considerations of age. Now in the upper, or even the middle, division of the fifth form, there were often youths quite as old as any of the first thirty, within a month or two it might be of proceeding to the university or going into the army, and if any of these committed an offence held by the school-code to be without benefit of clergy, to the block he was sent. I remember having

been myself operated upon in the company of two friends, both of them in their nineteenth year, and who were by no means high up in the school; one of them staid on a year longer, and may have been birched when hard on twenty. There was no reason whatever to be drawn from the school-regulations why he should not have been.

I wish that this indecent birching of big, burly, bearded men, in frock-coats and cutaways, could be spoken of as one of the obsolete practices of a quarter of a century ago. But, from two cases which have recently come to my knowledge, I should fear that it has been continued to a much more recent period. My informant was himself a fellow of King's, an Eton tutor, and it is almost unnecessary to say, a great admirer and conservator of all ancient usages. Yet he admitted that the stories which he told me were nothing short of "disgusting." One was about a young man of twenty, just upon the point of leaving the school, and engaged to be married to a young lady at Windsor. When visiting his intended on a certain evening, it seems that he protracted his stay beyond the time at which he was bound to be back at his tutor's house, the hour of "lock-up" as it is styled at Eton, his father-in-law that was to be undertaking to explain matters to the authorities next morning. But the explanation was destined to come too late; the next morning, during eight o'clock lesson, the unfortunate lover was sent for by Dr. Goodford, and by the said Dr. Goodford well and soundly whipped, after the usual form of proceeding in such cases made and provided, and very likely — my informant did not add this, but it may very well have been so — between two little boys of twelve punished for not saying their lessons. What, however, my informant *did* add was that, within a few months of receiving this manual castigation, the young man was married. Who, before this, would have thought of including in the list of perils to which lovers are subject that of the birch rod!

The other case was that of a young man of the same age.* He was the very

* Youths high up in the boats, the eleven, &c., were often so enamoured of the school that they induced their parents to leave them there as long as possible. I knew one captain of the boats who was suspected to be over twenty-one. In the end his tutor sent him away expressly on the ground of his being "too old." This passion for Eton is not to be wondered at. The life of a "big fellow" there is the happiest in the world.

tallest youth in the school, about six feet three or four, I should suppose, with bushy, black whiskers. The commission of some school-offence had brought him under the special notice of Dr. Balston, the very last head-master: and the contrast presented by this giant, as he looked down upon his comparatively puny assailant while in the act of making some fundamental changes in his garments, was described by an eye-witness as a thing not easily to be forgotten. The worst of it was that, leaving soon after, he found news of his recent castigation had travelled into his own neighbourhood, where it formed the subject of some agreeable banter at the meets of the hounds (behind and among which he was a great performer), especially on the part of the young ladies. One can fancy them whispering and tittering at his approach, and then laughing outright and blushing scarlet as he came up. Now, whatever offence the young man may have committed, I think it could hardly have been of a kind to render him the subject of such an acute punishment as this implies. And if he had knocked the head-master down, and thereupon walked off to the railway-station and taken a ticket, and so made his way home, I am sure that if I had been that young man's father, I should have been inclined, if not to condone, at any rate to make some allowance for, the act.

The institution of "bounds" was perhaps as curious and inexplicable as any part of the school-system. By the term bounds is generally understood what must exist in every well-organized seminary for boys, namely, the limits beyond which, except on particular occasions or by special permission, they are not permitted to go. The line as established at Eton was drawn very close round the college and the masters' and dames' houses; and, beyond the ground on which these stood, embraced little more than the playing-fields. The town or village, whichever it is, of Eton, with its shops where we got our cricket-bats and foot-balls — not to speak of clothes, hats, boots, as was the case with many boys — the tailor's, where we invariably kept our boating-jackets, stopping there to put them on and take them off on our way to and from the river, all this was "out of bounds." By this it was not meant that it was an offence to go into the town or the surrounding country, or even to cross the Thames into Windsor; but that if a boy happened to catch sight of a master

anywhere out of bounds, he was under the obligation of scampering off as hard as he could, just as if he had really been detected, or were afraid of being detected, in the commission of an offence, and were trying to get away. Not to do this, not to "shirk," as it was called, was floggable. The logical character of this arrangement was exhibited every day in some such instance as this. You were peacefully sauntering along, bearing an order from your tutor for a book or a hat or a coat, when, on catching sight of the self-same tutor walking through the town, or coming upon him at a corner, you were bound to rush with all speed into the first hiding-place that presented itself. As this hiding-place was generally a shop it might happen that the official whom you were shirking came in after you on business of his own; but in these cases the majority of the masters held that you had got into a kind of "base," and were safe. Indeed, except by hiding under the counter, which was not always practicable, it would have been impossible to carry the simulated flight further. Accordingly, at Ingaltan the bookseller's, it was not unusual to see a master or two surrounded by half a score of boys, every one of whom must have run for his life if he had met the same masters outside the door of the shop. I have heard explanations of this strange practice attempted, but none that have appeared to me in the smallest degree intelligible. It has been said that the authorities did not recognize a right on the part of the boys to go out of bounds, but must be understood as merely conceding to them a temporary permission to do so, reserving to themselves the power of putting an end to the arrangement at any time; and that the shirking-system was kept up as evidence of this power: in the same way as the Duke of Bedford closes on certain days the gates across some of the streets of Bloomsbury. Just as if there could be any right or any power in the matter except that which emanated from the authorities themselves, who could fix the bounds at their pleasure. And, even if one can treat such an argument as serious, surely the reserved power might have been kept on foot by making the boys shirk, as the Duke of Bedford closes his gates, one day in every year.

There were other singularities connected with the Eton system of a generation ago. But enough has been said to suggest the question whether the school

of that date was indeed a school in the serious sense of the term, or merely a kind of *crèche*, or asylum for children of larger growth, to which the wealthy intrusted their young ones for the purpose of being kept out of harm's way, with the understanding that they were to be returned gentlemen at all points — riding, shooting, and other extras of the kind being, of course, taught at home. If this was virtually the view which so recently prevailed in upper circles, we shall be taught some indulgence for the apathy in the matter of making the most of educational advantages which still unhappily prevails in the lower. As regards Eton itself, it is of course possible that everything has been changed. The authorities may have consented to break with some of the fond traditions which they inherited from the times of Henry VI. and Queen Elizabeth. Some sort of stimulus may be applied to the boys by whom it is most needed and at the time when it is most needed. "Sap," or student, may have died out as a term of reproach, and the Newcastle scholar may be a greater personage than the captain of the boats. The king's scholars, or poorer students, who win almost all of these Newcastle scholarships, may now be looked upon, as they deserve to be looked upon, with the greatest consideration and respect. "Bounds" and the flogging of bearded men may be unknown. If this be so — and I hope all this is so — it will not be without a strange curiosity, and perhaps even incredulity, that the present generation will see here briefly recalled the main features of the system of training in force in the first of our English schools, at a period so incredibly recent as thirty years ago.

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

(continued.)

AT another time Trelyon would have laughed at this bloodthirsty young woman; at this moment he was too serious.

"Mabyn," said he, "I can't bear this any longer — standing by like a fool and looking on while another man is doing his best to marry Wenna: I can't go on like this any longer. Mabyn, when did you

say she would leave Mr. Trewhella's house to-night?"

"I did not say anything about it. I suppose we shall leave about ten; the young ones leave at nine."

"You will be there?"

"Yes, Wenna and I are to keep order."

"Nobody else with you?"

"No."

He looked at her rather hesitatingly.

"And supposing, Mabyn," he said slowly, "supposing you and Wenna were to leave at ten, and that it is a beautiful clear night, you might walk down by the wood instead of by the road; and then, supposing that you came out on the road down at the foot, and you found there a carriage and pair of horses —"

Mabyn began to look alarmed.

"And if I was there," he continued, more rapidly, "and I said to Wenna suddenly, 'Now, Wenna, think nothing, but come and save yourself from this marriage! There is your sister will come with you — and I will drive you to Plymouth —'"

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon!" Mabyn cried, with a sudden joy in her face, "she would do it! She would do it!"

"And you, would you come too?" he demanded.

"Yes!" the girl cried, full of excitement. "And then, Mr. Trelyon, and then?"

"Why?" he cried boldly, "up to London at once — twenty-four hours' start of everybody — and in London we are safe! Then, you know, Mabyn —"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Trelyon!"

"Don't you think now that we two could persuade her to a quick marriage — with a special licence, you know — you could persuade her, I am sure, Mabyn —"

In the gladness of her heart Mabyn felt herself at this moment ready to fall on the young man's neck and kiss him. But she was a properly-conducted young person; and so she rose from the big block of slate on which she had been sitting, and managed to suppress any great intimation of her abounding joy. But she was very proud, all the same; and there was a great firmness about her lips as she said: —

"We will do it, Mr. Trelyon; we will do it. Do you know why Wenna submits to this engagement? Because she reasons with her conscience, and persuades herself that it is right. When you meet her like that, she will have no time to consider —"

"That is precisely what my grand-

mother says," Trelyon said, with a triumphant laugh.

"Yes, she was a girl once," Mabyon replied, sagely. "Well, well, tell me all about it! What arrangements have you made? You haven't got the special licence?"

"No," said he, "I didn't make up my mind to try this on till last night. But the difference of a day is nothing when you are with her. We shall be able to hide ourselves away pretty well in London, don't you think?"

"Of course!" cried Mabyon, confidently. "But tell me more, Mr. Trelyon! What have you arranged? What have you done?"

"What could I do until I knew whether you'd help me?"

"You must bring a fearful amount of wraps with you."

"Certainly—more than you'll want, I know. And I sha'n't light the lamps until I hear you coming along; for they would attract attention down in the valley. I should like to wait for you elsewhere; but if I did that you couldn't get Wenna to come with you. Do you think you will even then?"

"Oh, yes," said Mabyon cheerfully. "Nothing easier! I shall tell her she's afraid; and then she would walk down the face of Black Cliff. By the way, Mr. Trelyon, I must bring something to eat with me, and some wine—she will be so nervous—and the long journey will tire her."

"You will be at Mr. Trehella's, Mabyon; you can't go carrying things about with you!"

"I could bring a bit of cake in my pocket," Mabyon suggested; but this seemed even to her so ludicrous that she blushed and laughed, and agreed that Mr. Harry should bring the necessary provisions for the wild night-ride to Plymouth.

"Oh, it does so please me to think of it!" she said with a curious anxious excitement as well as gladness in her face; "I hope I have not forgotten to arrange anything. Let me see—we start at ten; then down through the wood to the road in the hollow—oh, I hope there will be nobody coming along just then!—then you light the lamps—then you come forward to persuade Wenna—by the way, Mr. Trelyon, where must I go? Shall I not be dreadfully in the way?"

"You? You must stand by the horses' heads! I sha'n't have my man with me. And yet they're not very fiery animals—

they'll be less fiery, the unfortunate wretches, when they get to Plymouth."

"At what time?"

"About half past three in the morning, if we go straight on," said he.

"Do you know a good hotel there?" said the practical Mabyon.

"The best one is by the station; but if you sleep in the front of the house, you have the whistling of engines all night long, and if you sleep in the back, you overlook a barracks, and the confounded trumpeting begins about four o'clock, I believe."

"Wenna and I won't mind that—we shall be too tired," Mabyon said. "Do you think they could give us a little hot coffee when we arrive?"

"Oh, yes! I'll give the night-porter a sovereign a cup—then he'll offer to bring it to you in buckets. Now don't you think the whole thing is beautifully arranged, Mabyon?"

"It is quite lovely!" the girl said joyously, "for we shall be off with the morning train to London, while Mr. Roscorla is pottering about Launceston station at mid-day! Then we must send a telegram from Plymouth, a fine, dramatic telegram; and my father, he will swear a little, but be quite content, and my mother—do you know, Mr. Trelyon, I believe my mother will be as glad as anybody! What shall we say?—'*To Mr. Rosewarne, Eglosilyn. We have fled. Not the least good pursuing us. May as well make up your mind to the inevitable. Will write to-morrow.*' Is that more than the twenty words for a shilling?"

"We sha'n't grudge the other shilling if it is," the young man said. "Now you must go on with your cake, Mabyon! I am off to see after the horses' shoes. Mind, as soon after ten as you can—just where the path from the wood comes into the main road."

Then she hesitated, and for a minute or two she remained thoughtful and silent; while he was inwardly hoping that she was not going to draw back. Suddenly she looked up at him, with earnest and anxious eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon," she said, "this is a very serious thing. You—you will be kind to our Wenna after she is married to you!"

"You will see, Mabyon," he answered gently.

"You don't know how sensitive she is," she continued, apparently thinking over all the possibilities of the future in a much graver fashion than she had done.

"If you were unkind to her, it would kill her. Are you quite sure you won't regret it?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of that," said he, "as sure as a man may be. I don't think you need fear my being unkind to Wenna. Why, what has put such thoughts into your head?"

"If you were to be cruel to her or indifferent," she said, slowly and absently, "I know that would kill her. But I know more than that. *I would kill you.*"

"Mabyn," he said, quite startled, "whatever has put such thoughts into your head?"

"Why," she said passionately, "haven't I seen already how a man can treat her? Haven't I read the insolent letters he has sent her? Haven't I seen her throw herself on her bed, beside herself with grief? And — and — these are things I don't forget, Mr. Trelyon. No, I have got a word to say to Mr. Roscorla yet for his treatment of my sister — and I will say it. And then —"

The proud lips were beginning to quiver.

"Come, come, Mabyn," said Trelyon, gently, "don't imagine all men are the same. And perhaps Roscorla will have been paid out quite sufficiently when he hears of to-night's work. I sha'n't bear him any malice after that, I know. Already, I confess, I feel a good deal of compunction as regards him."

"I don't at all — I don't a bit," said Mabyn, who very quickly recovered herself whenever Mr. Roscorla's name was mentioned. "If you only can get her to go away with you, Mr. Trelyon, it will serve him just right. Indeed, it is on his account that I hope you will be successful. I — I don't quite like Wenna running away with you, to tell you the truth — I would rather have her left to a quiet decision, and to a marriage with everybody approving. But there is no chance of that. This is the only thing that will save her."

"That is precisely what I said to you," Trelyon said, eagerly, for he was afraid of losing so invaluable an ally.

"And you will be very, *very* kind to her?"

"I'm not good at fine words, Mabyn. You'll see."

She held out her hand to him, and pressed his warmly.

"I believe you will be a good husband to her; and I know you will get the best wife in the whole world!"

She was going away when he suddenly said —

"Mabyn!"

She turned.

"Do you know," said he rather shamefacedly, "how much I am grateful to you for all your frank straightforward kindness — and your help — and your courage —"

"No, no!" said the young girl, good-humouredly. "You make Wenna happy, and don't consider me!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

UNDER THE WHITE STARS.

DURING the whole glad evening Wenna had been Queen of the Feast, and her subjects had obeyed her with a joyous submission. They did not take quite so kindly to Mabyn, for she was sharp of tongue and imperious in her ways; but they knew that they could tease her elder sister with impunity — always up to the well-understood line at which her authority began. That was never questioned.

Then, at nine o'clock, the servants came, some on foot and some on dog-carts; and presently there was a bundling-up of tiny figures in rugs and wraps, and Wenna stood at the door to kiss each of them and say good-bye. It was half-past nine when that performance was over.

"Now, my dear Miss Wenna," said the old clergyman, "you must be quite tired out with your labours. Come into the study — I believe the tray has been taken in there."

"Do you know, Mr. Trehella," said Mabyn boldly, "that Wenna hadn't time to eat a single bit when all those children were gobbling up cake. Couldn't you let her have a little bit — a little bit of cold meat now —"

"Dear, dear me!" said the kind old gentleman, in the deepest distress, "that I should not have remembered!"

There was no use in Wenna's protesting. In the snug little study she was made to eat some supper; and if she got off with drinking one glass of sherry it was not through the intervention of her sister, who apparently would have had her drink a tumblerful.

It was not until a quarter past ten that the girls could get away.

"Now I must see you young ladies down to the village, lest some one should run away with you," the old clergyman said, taking down his top-coat.

"Oh no, you must not — you must not,

indeed, Mr. Trewhella!" Mabyon said, anxiously. "Wenna and I always go about by ourselves—and far later than this too. It is a beautiful, clear night! Why——"

Her impetuosity made her sister smile.

"You talk as if you would rather like to be run away with, Mabyon," she said. "But indeed, Mr. Trewhella, you must not think of coming with us. It is quite true what Mabyon says."

And so they went out into the clear darkness together; and the door was shut; and they found themselves in the silent world of the night-time, with the white stars throbbing overhead. Far away in the distance they could hear the murmur of the sea.

"Are you cold, Mabyon, that you tremble so?" said the elder sister.

"No—only a sort of shiver in coming out into the night air."

Whatever it was it was soon over. Mabyon seemed to be unusually cheerful.

"Wenna," she said, "you're afraid of ghosts!"

"No, I'm not."

"I know you are."

"I'm not half as much afraid of ghosts as you are, that's quite certain."

"I'll bet you you won't walk down through the wood."

"Just now?"

"Yes."

"Why, I'll not only go down through the wood, but I'll undertake to be home before you, though you've a broad road to guide you."

"But I did not mean you to go alone."

"Oh," said Wenna, "you propose to come with me? Then it is you who are afraid to go down by yourself? Oh, Mabyon!"

"Never mind, Wenna,—let's go down through the wood just for fun."

So the two sisters set out, arm-in-arm; and through some spirit of mischief Wenna would not speak a word. Mabyon was gradually overawed by the silence, the night, the loneliness of the road, and the solemn presence of the great living vault above them. Moreover, before getting into the wood, they had to skirt a curious little dingle, in the hollow of which are both a church and churchyard. Many a time the sisters had come up to this romantic dell in the spring-time, to gather splendid primroses, sweet violets, the yellow celandine, and other wild-flowers that grow luxuriantly on its steep banks; and very pretty the old church

looked then, with the clear sunshine of April streaming down through the scantily-leaved trees into this sequestered spot. Now the deep hole was black as night; and they could only make out a bit of the spire of the church as it appeared against the dark sky. Nay, was there not a sound among the fallen leaves and underwood down there, in the direction of the unseen graves?

"Some cow has strayed in there, I believe," said Mabyon, in a somewhat low voice, and she walked rather quickly until they got past the place and out on to the hill over the wooded valley.

"Now," said Wenna, cheerfully, not wishing to have Mabyon put in a real fright, "as we go down I am going to tell you something, Mabyon. How would you like to have to prepare for a wedding in a fortnight?"

"Not at all!" said Mabyon promptly, even fiercely.

"Not if it was your own?"

"No—why, the insult of such a request!"

According to Mabyon's way of thinking it was an insult to ask a girl to marry you in a fortnight, but none to insist on her marrying you the day after to-morrow.

"You think that a girl could fairly plead that as an excuse—the mere time to get one's dresses and things ready?"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, Mabyon," said Wenna, far more seriously, "it is not of dresses I am thinking at all; but I shudder to think of getting married just now. I could not do it. I have not had enough time to forget what is past—and until that is done, how could I marry any man?"

"Wenna, I do love you when you talk like that!" her sister cried. "You can be so wise and reasonable when you choose! Of course you are quite right, dear. But you don't mean to say he wants you to get married before he goes to Jamaica, and then to leave you alone?"

"Oh, no. He wants me to go with him to Jamaica."

Mabyon uttered a short cry of alarm.

"To Jamaica! To take you away from the whole of us—why—oh, Wenna, I do hate being a girl so—for you're not allowed to swear—if I were a man now! To Jamaica! Why, don't you know that there are hundreds of people always being killed there by the most frightful hurricanes, and earthquakes, and large serpents in the woods? To Jamai-

ca?—no, you are not going to Jamaica just yet! I don't think you are going to Jamaica just yet!"

"No, indeed, I am not," said Wenna, with a quiet decision. "Nor could I think of getting married in any case at present. But then—don't you see, Mabyn—Mr. Roscorla is just a little peculiar in some ways—"

"Yes, certainly!"

"—and he likes to have a definite reason for what you do. If I were to tell him of the repugnance I have to the notion of getting married just now, he would call it mere sentiment, and try to argue me out of it—then we should have a quarrel. But if, as you say, a girl may fairly refuse in point of time—"

"Now, I'll tell you," said Mabyn, plainly; "no girl can get married properly, who hasn't six months to get ready in. She might manage in three or four months, for a man she was particularly fond of; but if it is a mere stranger—and a disagreeable person—and one who ought not to marry her at all—then six months is the very shortest time. Just you send Mr. Roscorla to me, and I'll tell him all about it."

Wenna laughed.

"Yes, I've no doubt you would. I think he's more afraid of you than of all the serpents and snakes in Jamaica."

"Yes, and he'll have more cause to be before he's much older," said Mabyn, confidently.

They could not continue their conversation just then, for they were going down the side of the hill, between short trees and bushes; and the path was broad enough only for one, while there were many dark places demanding caution.

"Seen any ghosts yet?" Wenna called out to Mabyn, who was behind her.

"Ghosts, sir? Ay, ay, sir! Heave away on the larboard beam! I say, Wenna, isn't it uncommon dark?"

"It is uncommonly dark."

"Gentlemen always say uncommon; and all the grammars are written by gentlemen. Oh, Wenna, wait a bit; I've lost my brooch!"

It was no *ruse*, for a wonder; the brooch had, indeed, dropped out of her shawl. She felt all over the dark ground for it, but her search was in vain.

"Well, here's a nice thing! Upon my—"

"Mabyn!"

"Upon my—trotting pony; that was all I was going to say. Wenna, will

you stay here for a minute; and I'll run down to the foot of the hill, and get a match?"

"How can you get a match at the foot of the hill? You'll have to go on to the inn. No, tie your handkerchief round the foot of one of the trees, and come up early in the morning to look."

"Early in the morning?" said Mabyn. "I hope to be in—I mean asleep then."

Twice she had nearly blurted out the secret; and it is highly probable that her refusal to adopt Wenna's suggestion would have led her sister to suspect something, had not Wenna herself, by accident, kicked against the missing brooch. As it was, the time lost by this misadventure was grievous to Mabyn, who now insisted on leading the way, and went along through the bushes at a rattling pace. Here and there the belated wanderers startled a blackbird, that went shrieking its fright over to the other side of the valley; but Mabyn was now too much pre-occupied to be unnerved.

"Keeping a lookout ahead?" Wenna called.

"Ay, ay, sir! No ghosts on the weather-quarter! Ship drawing twenty fathoms, and the mate fast asleep. Oh, Wenna, my hat!"

It had been twitched off her head by one of the branches of the young trees through which she was passing, and the pliant bit of wood, being released from the strain, had thrown it down into the dark bushes and briars.

"Well I'm—no, I'm not!" said Mabyn, as she picked out the hat from among the thorns, and straightened the twisted feather. Then she set out again, impatient over these delays; and yet determined not to let her courage sink.

"Land ahead yet?" called out Wenna.

"Ay, ay, sir; and the Lizard on our lea! Wind S.S.W., and the cargo shifting a point to the east. Hurrah!"

"Mabyn, they'll hear you a mile off!"

It was certainly Mabyn's intention that she should be heard at least a quarter of a mile off, for now they had got down to the open, and they could hear the stream some way ahead of them, which they would have to cross. At this point Mabyn paused for a second to let her sister overtake her; then they went on arm-in-arm.

"Oh, Wenna," she said, do you remember '*young Lochinvar*'?"

"Of course!"

"Didn't you fall in love with him when

you read about him? Now, there *was* somebody to fall in love with! Don't you remember when he came into Netherby Hall, that

The bride-maidens whispered, 'Twere better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!'

And then you know, Wenna —

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,

When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before he sprang!

'She is won! we are gone — over bank, bush, and scaur!

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

That *was* a lover now!"

"I think he was a most impertinent young man," said Wenna.

"I rather like a young man to be impertinent," said Maby, boldly.

"Then there won't be any difficulty about fitting you with a husband," said Wenna, with a light laugh.

Here Maby once more went on ahead, picking her steps through the damp grass as she made her way down to the stream. Wenna was still in the highest of spirits.

"Walking the plank yet, boatswain?" she called out.

"Not yet, sir," Maby called in return. "Ship wearing round a point to the west, and the waves running mountains high. Don't you hear 'em, captain?"

"Look out for the breakers, boatswain!"

"Ay, ay, sir. All hands on deck to man the captain's gig! Belay away there! Avast! Mind, Wenna; here's the bridge!"

Crossing over that single plank, in the dead of night, was a sufficiently dangerous experiment; but both these young ladies had had plenty of experience in keeping their wits about them in more perilous places.

"Why are you in such a hurry, Maby?" Wenna said, when they had crossed.

Maby did not know what to answer; she was very much excited, and inclined to talk at random merely to cover her anxiety. She was now very late for the appointment, and who could tell what unfortunate misadventure Harry Trelyon might have met with?

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Why

don't you admire young Lochinvar? Wenna, you're like the Lacedæmons."

"Like the what?"

"Like the Lacedæmons, that were neither cold nor hot. Why don't you admire young Lochinvar?"

"Because he was interfering with another man's property."

"That man had no right to her," said Maby, talking rather wildly and looking on ahead, to the point at which the path through the meadows went up to the road; "he was a wretched animal, I know; I believe he was a sugar-broker, and had just come home from Jamaica."

"I believe," said Wenna, "I believe that young Lochinvar —"

She stopped.

"What's that!" she said. "What are those two lights up there?"

"They're not ghosts: come along, Wenna!" said Maby, hurriedly.

Let us go up to this road, where Harry Trelyon, tortured with anxiety and impatience, is waiting. He had slipped away from the house, pretty nearly as soon as the gentlemen had gone into the drawing-room after dinner; and on some excuse or other had got the horses put to a light and yet roomy Stanhope phaeton. From the stable-yard he drove by a back way into the main road without passing in front of the Hall; then he quietly walked the horses down the steep hill, and round the foot of the valley to the point at which Maby was to make her appearance.

But he dared not stop there; for now and again some passer-by came along the road; and even in the darkness Mrs. Trelyon's grey horses would be recognized by any of the inhabitants of Eglosillyan, who would naturally wonder what Master Harry was waiting for. He walked them a few hundred yards one way, then a few hundred yards the other; and ever, as it seemed to him, the danger was growing greater of some one from the inn or from the Hall suddenly appearing and spoiling the whole plan.

Half past ten arrived; and nothing could be heard of the girls. Then a horrible thought struck him that Roscorla might by this time have left the Hall; and would he not be coming down to this very road on his way up to Basset Cottage? This was no idle fear; it was almost a matter of certainty.

The minutes rolled themselves out into ages; he kept looking at his watch every few seconds; yet he could hear

nothing from the wood or the valley of Mabyn's approach. Then he got down into the road, walked a few yards this way and that, apparently to stamp the nervousness out of his system, patted the horses, and, finally, occupied himself in lighting the lamps. He was driven by the delay into a sort of desperation. Even if Wenna and Mabyn did appear now, and if he was successful in his prayer, there was every chance of their being interrupted by Roscorla, who had without doubt left the Hall some time before.

Suddenly he stopped in his excited walking up and down. Was that a faint "Hurrah!" that he heard in the distance. He went down to the stile at the junction of the path and the road; and listened attentively. Yes, he could hear at least one voice, as yet a long way off; but now he had no more doubt. He walked quickly back to the carriage.

"Ho, ho, my hearties!" he said, stroking the heads of the horses, "you'll have a Dick Turpin's ride to-night."

All the nervousness had gone from him now; he was full of a strange sort of exultation—the joy of a man who feels that the crisis in his life has come, and that he has the power and courage to face it.

He heard them come up through the meadow to the stile; it was Wenna who was talking; Mabyn was quite silent. They came along the road.

"What is this carriage doing here?" Wenna said.

They drew still nearer.

"They are Mrs. Trelyon's horses—and there is no driver——"

At this moment Harry Trelyon came quickly forward and stood in the road before her; while Mabyn as quickly went on and disappeared. The girl was startled, bewildered, but not frightened; for in a second he had taken her by the hand, and then she heard him say to her, in an anxious, low, imploring voice:—

"Wenna, my darling, don't be alarmed! See here, I have got everything ready to take you away—and Mabyn is coming with us—and you know I love you so that I can't bear the notion of your falling into that man's hands. Now, Wenna, don't think about it! Come with me! We shall be married in London—Mabyn is coming with you——"

For one brief second or two she seemed stunned and bewildered; then, looking at the carriage, and the earnest suppliant before her, the whole truth ap-

peared to flash in upon her. She looked wildly round.

"Mabyn——" she was about to say, when he guessed the meaning of her rapid look.

"Mabyn is here. She is quite close by—she is coming with us. My darling, won't you let me save you! This indeed is our last chance. Wenna!"

She was trembling so that he thought she would fall; and he would have put his arms round her, but that she drew back, and in so doing, she got into the light, and then he saw the immeasurable pity and sadness of her eyes.

"Oh, my love," she said, with the tears running down her face, "I love you! I will tell you that now, when we speak for the last time. See, I will kiss you—and then you will go away——"

"I will not go away—not without you—this night. Wenna, dearest, you have let your heart speak at last—now let it tell you what to do!"

"Oh, must I go? Must I go?" she said; and then she looked wildly round again.

"Mabyn!" called out Trelyon, half mad with joy and triumph, "Mabyn, come along! Look sharp, jump in! This way, my darling!"

And he took the trembling girl, and half lifted her into the carriage.

"Oh, my love, what am I doing for you this night!" she said to him, with her eyes swimming in tears.

But what was the matter with Mabyn? She was just putting her foot on the iron step when a rapidly approaching figure caused her to utter a cry of alarm, and she stumbled back into the road again. The very accident that Trelyon had been anticipating had occurred; here was Mr. Roscorla, bewildered at first, and then blind with rage when he saw what was happening before his eyes. In his desperation and anger he was about to lay hold of Mabyn by the arm, when he was sent staggering backwards half-a-dozen yards.

"Don't interfere with me now, or by God I will kill you!" Trelyon said between his teeth; and then he hurried Mabyn into the carriage.

What was the sound then that the still woods heard, under the throbbing stars, through the darkness that lay over the land? Only the sound of horses' feet, monotonous and regular, and not a word of joy or sorrow uttered by any one of the party thus hurrying on through the night.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INTO CAPTIVITY.

TOWARD eleven o'clock that night Mrs. Rosewarne became somewhat anxious about her girls, and asked her husband to go and meet them, or to fetch them away if they were still at Mr. Trehella's house.

"Can't they look after themselves?" said George Rosewarne. "I'll be bound Maby can, any way. Let her alone to come back when she pleases."

Then his wife began to fret, and as this made him uncomfortable, he said he would walk up the road and meet them. He had no intention of doing so, of course, but it was a good excuse for getting away from a fidgety wife. He went outside into the clear starlight, and lounged down to the small bridge beside the mill, contentedly smoking his pipe.

There he encountered a farmer who was riding home a cob he had bought that day at Launceston, and the farmer and he began to have a chat about horses suggested by that circumstance. Oddly enough, their random talk came round to young Trelyon.

"Your thoroughbreds won't do for this county," George Rosewarne was saying, "to go flying a stone wall and breaking your neck. No, sir. I'll tell you what sort of hunter I should like to have for these parts. I'd have him half-bred, short in the leg, short in the pastern, short in the back, a good sloping shoulder, broad in the chest and the forehead, long in the belly, and just the least bit over fifteen hands — eh, Mr. Thoms? I don't think beauty's of much consequence when your neck's in question. Let him be as angular and ragged in the hips as you like, so long's his ribs are well up to the hip-bone. Have you seen that black horse that young Trelyon rides?"

"'Tis a noble beast, sir — a noble beast," the farmer said; and he would probably have gone on to state what ideal animal had been constructed by his lavish imagination had not a man come running up at this moment breathless and almost speechless.

"Rosewarne," stammered Mr. Roscorla, "a — a word with you! I want to say —"

The farmer, seeing he was in the way, called out a careless good-night and rode on.

"Well, what's the matter?" said George Rosewarne a little snappishly:

he did not like being worried by excitable people.

"Your daughters!" gasped Mr. Roscorla. "They've both run away — both of them — this minute — with Trelyon! You'll have to ride after them. They're straight away along the high-road."

"Both of them? The infernal young fools!" said Rosewarne. "Why the devil didn't you stop them yourself?"

"How could I?" Roscorla said, amazed that the father took the flight of his daughters with apparent equanimity. "You must make haste, Mr. Rosewarne, or you'll never catch them."

"I've a good mind to let 'em go," said he sulkily, as he walked over to the stables of the inn. "The notion of a man having to set out on this wild-goose chase at this time o' night! Run away, have they? and what in all the world have they run away for?"

It occurred to him, however, that the sooner he got a horse saddled and set out, the less distance he would have to go in pursuit; and that consideration quickened his movements.

"What's it all about?" said he to Roscorla, who had followed him into the stable.

"I suppose they mean a runaway match," said Mr. Roscorla, helping to saddle George Rosewarne's cob, a famous trotter.

"It's that young devil's limb, Maby, I'll be bound," said the father. "I wish to Heaven somebody would marry her! — I don't care who. She's always up to some confounded mischief."

"No, no, no," Roscorla said: "it's Wenna he means to marry."

"Why, you were to have married Wenna?"

"Yes, but —"

"Then why didn't you? So she's run away, has she?" George Rosewarne grinned: he saw how the matter lay.

"This is Maby's work, I know," said he, as he put his foot in the stirrup and sprang into the saddle. "You'd better go home, Roscorla. Don't you say a word to anybody. You don't want the girl made a fool of all through the place."

So George Rosewarne set out to bring back his daughters; not galloping, as an anxious parent might, but going ahead with a long, steady-going trot, which he knew would soon tell on Mrs. Trelyon's over-fed and under-exercised horses.

"If they mean Plymouth," he was thinking, "as is most likely from their taking the high-road, he'll give it them

gently at first. And so that young man wants to marry our Wenna? 'Twould be a fine match for her; and yet she's worth all the money he's got—she's worth it every farthing. I'd give him the other one cheap enough."

Pounding along a dark road, with the consciousness that the farther you go the farther you've got to get back, and that the distance still to be done is an indeterminate quantity, is agreeable to no one, but it was especially vexatious to George Rosewarne, who liked to take things quietly, and could not understand what all the fuss was about. Why should he be sent on this mad chase at midnight? If anybody wanted to marry either of the girls, why didn't he do so and say no more about it? Rosewarne had been merely impatient and annoyed when he set out, but the longer he rode, and the more he communed with himself, the deeper grew his sense of the personal injury that had been done him by this act of folly.

It was a very lonely ride indeed. There was not a human being abroad at that hour. When he passed a few cottages from time to time the windows were dark. Then they had just been putting down a lot of loose stones at several parts of the road, which caused Mr. Rosewarne to swear. "I'll bet a sovereign," said he to himself, "that old Job kept them a quarter of an hour before he opened Paddock's gate. I believe the old fool goes to bed. Well, they've waked him up for me, any way."

There was some consolation in this surmise, which was well founded. When Rosewarne reached the toll-bar there was at least a light in the small house. He struck on the door with the handle of his riding-whip, and called out, "Hi, hi! Job! Come out, you old fool!"

An old man with very bandy legs came hobbling out of the toll-house, and went to open the gate, talking and muttering to himself: "Ay, ay! so yū be agwoin' after the young uns, Maister Rosewarne? Ay, ay! yū'll go up many a lane and by many a fuzzy 'ill, and across a bridge or two, afore yū come up wi' 'en, Maister Rosewarne."

"Look sharp, Job!" said Rosewarne. "Carriage been through here lately?"

"Ay, ay, Maister Rosewarne! 'tis a good half-hour agone."

"A half-hour, you idiot!" said Rosewarne, now in a thoroughly bad temper. "You've been asleep and dreaming. Here, take your confounded money!"

So he rode on again, not believing, of course, in old Job's malicious fabrication, but being rendered at the same time a little uncomfortable by it. Fortunately, the cob had not been out before that day.

More deep lanes, more high, open, windy spaces, more silent cottages, more rough stones, and always the measured fall of the cob's feet and the continued shining and throbbing of the stars overhead. At last, far away ahead, on the top of a high incline, he caught sight of a solitary point of ruddy fire, which presently disappeared. That, he concluded, was the carriage he was pursuing going round a corner, and showing only the one lamp as it turned into the lane. They were not so far in front of him as he had supposed.

But how to overtake them? So soon as they heard the sound of his horse would they dash onward at all risks, and have a race for it all through the night? In that case George Rosewarne inwardly resolved that they might go to Plymouth, or into the deep sea beyond, before he would injure his favorite cob.

On the other hand, he could not bring them to a standstill by threatening to shoot at his own daughters, even if he had had anything with him that would look like a pistol. Should he have to rely, then, on the moral terrors of a parent's authority? George Rosewarne was inclined to laugh when he thought of his overawing in this fashion the high spirit of his younger daughter.

By slow and sure degrees he gained on the fugitives, and as he could now catch some sound of the rattling of the carriage-wheels, they must also hear his horse's footfall. Were they trying to get away from him? On the contrary, the carriage stopped altogether.

That was Harry Trelyon's decision. For some time back he had been listening attentively. At length he said, "Don't you hear some one riding back there?"

"Yes, I do," said Wenna, beginning to tremble.

"I suppose it is Mr. Roscorla coming after us," the young man said coolly. "Now I think it would be a shame to drag the old gentleman half-way down to Plymouth. He must have had a good spell already. Shall I stop and persuade him to go back home to bed?"

"Oh no," said Mabyon, who was all for getting on at any risk.

"Oh no," Wenna said, fearing the re-

sult of an encounter between the two men.

"I must stop," Trelyon said. "It's such precious hard lines on him. I shall easily persuade him that he would be better at home."

So he pulled up the horses, and quietly waited by the roadside for a few minutes. The unknown rider drew nearer and more near.

"That isn't Roscorla's pony," said Trelyon listening. "That's more like your father's cob."

"My father! said Wenna in a low voice.

"My darling, you needn't be afraid, whoever it is," Trelyon said.

"Certainly not," added Mabyon, who was far more uncomfortable than she chose to appear. "Who can prevent us going on? They don't lock you up in convents nowadays. If it is Mr. Roscorla, you just let me talk to him."

Their doubt on that head was soon set at rest. White Charley, with his long swinging trot, soon brought George Rosewarne up to the side of the phaeton, and the girls, long ere he had arrived, had recognized in the gloom the tall figure of their father. Even Mabyon was a trifle nervous.

But George Rosewarne — perhaps because he was a little pacified by their having stopped — did not rage and fume as a father is expected to do whose daughter has run away from him. As soon as he had pulled up his horse, he called out in a petulant tone, "Well! what the devil is all this about?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said Trelyon, quite respectfully and quite firmly: "I wished to marry your daughter Wenna —"

"And why couldn't you do that in Eglosilyan, instead of making a fool of everybody all round?" Rosewarne said, still talking in an angry and vexed way, as of one who had been personally injured.

"Oh, dada," Mabyon cried, "you don't know how it happened; but they couldn't have got married there. There's that horrid old wretch, Mr. Roscorla — and Wenna was quite a slave to him and afraid of him — and the only way was to carry her away from him; and so —"

"Hold your tongue, Mabyon," her father said. "You'd drive a windmill with your talk."

"But what she says is true enough," Trelyon said. "Roscorla has a claim on her: this was my only chance, and I took it. Now look here, Mr. Rosewarne:

you've a right to be angry and all that — perhaps you are — but what good will it do you to see Wenna left to marry Roscorla?"

"What good will it do me?" said George Rosewarne pettishly. "I don't care which of you she marries."

"Then you'll let us go on, dada?" Mabyon cried. "Will you come with us? Oh, do come with us! We're only going to Plymouth."

Even the angry father could not withstand the absurdity of this appeal. He burst into a roar of ill-tempered laughter. "I like that!" he cried. "Asking a man to help his daughter to run away from his own house! It's my impression, my young mistress, that you're at the bottom of all this nonsense. Come, come! enough of it, Trelyon: be a sensible fellow, and turn your horses round. Why, the notion of going to Plymouth at this time o' night!"

Trelyon looked to his companion. She put her hand on his arm, and said, in a trembling whisper, "Oh yes: pray let us go back."

"You know what you are going to, then?" said he coldly.

She trembled still more.

"Come, come," said her father: "you mustn't stop here all night. You may thank me for preventing your becoming the talk of the whole country."

"I shouldn't have minded that much," Mabyon said ruefully, and very like to cry indeed, as the horses set out upon their journey back to Eglosilyan.

It was not a pleasant journey for any of them — least of all for Wenna Rosewarne, who, having been bewildered by one wild glimpse of liberty, felt with terror and infinite sadness and despair the old manacles closing round her life again. And what although the neighbours might remain in ignorance of what she had done? She herself knew, and that was enough.

"You think no one will know?" Mabyon called out spitefully to her father. "Do you think old Job at the gate has lost either his tongue or his nasty temper?"

"Leave Job to me," the father replied. When they got to Paddock's gate the old man had again to be roused, and he came out grumbling.

"Well, you discontented old sinner!" Rosewarne called to him, "don't you like having to earn a living?"

"A fine livin' to wait on folks that don't know their own mind, and keep

comin' and goin' along the road o' nights like a weaver's shuttle. Hm!"

"Well, Job, you sha'n't suffer for it this time," Rosewarne said. "I've won my bet. If you made fifty pounds by riding a few miles out, what would you give the gatekeeper?"

Even that suggestion failed to inveigle Job into a better humour.

"Here's a sovereign for you, Job. Now go to bed. Good-night!"

How long the distance seemed to be ere they saw the lights of Eglosilyan again! There were only one or two small points of red fire, indeed, where the inn stood. The rest of the village was buried in darkness.

"Oh, what will mother say?" Wenna said in a low voice to her sister.

"She will be very sorry we did not get away altogether," Mabyon answered. "And of course it was Mr. Roscorla who spoiled it. Nobody knew anything about it but himself. He must have run on to the inn and told some one. Wasn't it mean, Wenna? Couldn't he see that he wasn't wanted?"

"Are you talking of Mr. Roscorla?" Trellyon said: George Rosewarne was a bit ahead at this moment. "I wish to goodness I had gagged him and slung him below the phaeton. I knew he would be coming down there: I expected him every moment. Why were you so late, Mabyon?"

"Oh, you needn't blame me, Mr. Trellyon," said Mabyon, rather hurt. "You know I did everything I could for you."

"I know you did, Mabyon: I wish it had turned out better."

What was this, then, that Wenna heard as she sat there bewildered, apprehensive and sad-hearted? Had her own sister joined in this league to carry her off? It was not merely the audacity of young Trellyon that had led to their meeting. But she was altogether too frightened and wretched to be angry.

As they got down into Eglosilyan and turned the sharp corner over the bridge they did not notice the figure of a man who had been concealing himself in the darkness of a shed belonging to a slate-yard. So soon as they passed he went some little way after them until, from the bridge, he could see them stop at the door of the inn. Was it Mrs. Rosewarne who came out of the glare, and with something like a cry of delight caught her daughter in her arms? He watched the figures go inside and the phaeton drive away up the hill; then, in

the perfect silence of the night, he turned and slowly made toward Basset Cottage.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN ANGRY INTERVIEW.

NEXT morning George Rosewarne was seated on the old oak bench in front of the inn reading a newspaper. Happening to look up, he saw Mr. Roscorla hurrying toward him over the bridge with no very pleasant expression on his face. As he came nearer he saw that the man was strangely excited. "I want to see your daughter alone," he said.

"You needn't speak as if I had tried to run away with her," Rosewarne answered, with more good-nature than was his wont. "Well, go in-doors: ask for her mother."

As Roscorla passed him there was a look in his eyes which rather startled George Rosewarne.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "that this elderly chap is really badly in love with our Wenna?"

But another thought struck him. He suddenly jumped up, followed Roscorla into the passage, where the latter was standing, and said to him, "Don't you be too harsh with Wenna: she's only a girl, and they are all alike." This hint, however discourteous in its terms, had some significance as coming from a man who was six inches taller than Mr. Roscorla.

Mr. Roscorla was shown into an empty room. He marched up and down, looking at nothing. He was simply in an ungovernable rage. Wenna came and shut the door behind her, and for a second or so he stared at her as if expecting her to burst into passionate professions of remorse. On the contrary, there was something more than calmness in her appearance: there was the desperation of a hunted animal that is driven to turn upon its pursuer in the mere agony of helplessness.

"Well," said he—for indeed his passion almost deprived him of his power of speech—"what have you to say? Perhaps nothing. It is nothing, perhaps, to a woman to be treacherous—to tell smooth lies to your face and to go plotting against you behind your back. You have nothing to say? You have nothing to say?"

"I have nothing to say," she said with some little sadness in her voice, "that would excuse me, either to you or to my-

self: yes, I know that. But—but I did not intentionally deceive you."

He turned away with an angry gesture.

"Indeed, indeed I did not," she said piteously. "I had mistaken my own feelings—the temptation was too great. Oh, Mr. Roscorla, you need not say harsh things of me, for indeed I think worse of myself than you can do."

"And I suppose you want forgiveness now?" he added bitterly. "But I have had enough of that. A woman pledges you her affection, promises to marry you, professes to have no doubts as to the future; and all the while she is secretly encouraging the attentions of a young jackanapes who is playing with her and making a fool of her."

Wenna Rosewarne's cheeks began to burn red: a less angry man would have taken warning.

"Yes, playing with her and making a fool of her. And for what? To pass an idle time and make her the byword of her neighbours."

"It is not true, it is not true," she said indignantly; and there was a dangerous light in her eyes. "If he were here, you would not dare to say such things to me—no, you would not dare."

"Perhaps you expect him to call after the pretty exploit of last night?" asked Roscorla with a sneer.

"I do not," she said. "I hope I shall never see him again. It is—it is only misery to every one." And here she broke down, in spite of herself. Her anger gave way to a burst of tears.

"But what madness is this?" Roscorla cried. "You wish never to meet him again, yet you are ready at a moment's notice to run away with him, disgracing yourself and your family. You make promises about never seeing him: you break them the instant you get the opportunity. You profess that your girlish fancy for a barber's block of a fellow has been got over; and then, as soon as one's back is turned, you reveal your hypocrisy."

"Indeed I did not mean to deceive you," she said imploringly. "I did believe that all that was over and gone. I thought it was a foolish fancy."

"And now?" said he hotly.

"Oh, Mr. Roscorla, you ought to pity me instead of being angry with me. I do love him: I cannot help it. You will not ask me to marry you? See, I will undertake not to marry him—I will undertake never to see him again—if only

you will not ask me to keep my promise to you. How can I? How can I?"

"Pity you! and these are the confessions you make!" he exclaimed. "Why, are you not ashamed of yourself to say such things to me? And so you would undertake not to marry him? I know what your undertakings are worth."

He had struck her hard—his very hardest indeed—but she would not suffer herself to reply, for she believed she deserved far more punishment than he could inflict. All that she could hope for, all that her whole nature cried out for, was that he should not think her treacherous. She had not intentionally deceived him. She had not planned that effort at escape. But when, in a hurried and pathetic fashion, she endeavoured to explain all this to him, he would not listen. He angrily told her he knew well how women could gloss over such matters. He was no schoolboy to be hoodwinked. It was not as if she had had no warning: her conduct before had been bad enough, when it was possible to overlook it on the score of carelessness, but now it was such as would disgrace any woman who knew her honour was concerned in holding to the word she had spoken.

"And what is he?" he cried, mad with wrath and jealousy. "An ignorant booby! a ploughboy! a lout who has neither the manners of a gentleman nor the education of a day-labourer."

"Yes, you may well say such things of him now," said she with her eyes flashing, "when his back is turned. You would not say so if he were here. But he—yes, if he were here—he would tell you what he thinks of you, for he is a gentleman, and not a coward."

Angry as he was, Mr. Roscorla was astounded. The fire in her eyes, the flush in her cheeks, the impetuosity of her voice—were these the patient Wenna of old? But a girl betrays herself sometimes if she happens to have to defend her lover.

"Oh it is shameful, of you to say such things!" she said. "And you know they are not true. There is not any one I have ever seen who is so manly and frank and unselfish as Mr. Trelyon—not any one; and if I have seen that, if I have admired it too much, well, that is a great misfortune, and I have to suffer for it."

"To suffer? yes," said he bitterly. "That is a pretty form of suffering that makes you plan a runaway marriage—a marriage that would bring into your pos-

session the largest estates in the north of Cornwall. A very pretty form of suffering! May I ask when the experiment is to be repeated?"

"You may insult me as you like—I am only a woman," she said.

"Insult you?" he cried with fresh vehemence. "Is it insult to speak the truth? Yesterday forenoon, when I saw you, you were all smiles and smoothness. When I spoke of our marriage you made no objection. But all the same you knew that at night——"

"I did not know—I did not know," she said. "You ought to believe me when I tell you I knew no more about it than you did. When I met him there at night, it was all so sudden, so unexpected, I scarcely knew what I said: but now—but now I have time to think. Oh, Mr. Roscorla, don't think that I do not regret it. I will do anything you ask me—I will promise what you please—indeed, I will undertake never to see him again as long as I live in this world; only, you won't ask me to keep my promise to you?"

He made no reply to this offer, for a step outside the door caused him to mutter something very like an oath between his teeth. The door was thrown open. Mabyn marched in, a little pale, but very erect.

"Mabyn, leave us alone for a moment or two," said Wenna, turning away so as to hide the tears on her face.

"I will not. I want to speak a word or two to Mr. Roscorla."

"Mabyn, I want you to go away just now."

Mabyn went over to her sister and took her by the hand: "Wenna, dear, go away to your own room. You've had quite enough—you are trembling all over. I suppose he'll make me tremble next."

"Really, I think your interference is rather extraordinary, Miss Mabyn," said Mr. Roscorla, striving to contain his rage.

"I beg your pardon," said Mabyn meekly. "I only want to say a word or two. Wouldn't it be better here than before the servants?" With that she led Wenna away. In a minute or two she returned.

Mr. Roscorla would rather have been shut up in a den with a hungry tigress. "I am quite at your service," he said with a bitter irony. "I suppose you have some very important communication to make, considering the way in which you——"

"Interfered? Yes, it is time that I interfered," Mabyn said, still quite calm and a trifle pale. "Mr. Roscorla, to be frank, I don't like you, and perhaps I am not quite fair to you. I am only a young girl, and don't know what the world would say about your relations with Wenna. But Wenna is my sister, and I see she is wretched; and her wretchedness—well, that comes of her engagement to you."

She was standing before him with her eyes cast down, apparently determined to be very moderate in her speech. But there was a cruel frankness in her words which hurt Mr. Roscorla a good deal more than any tempest of passion into which she might have worked herself. "Is that all?" said he. "You have not startled me with any revelation."

"I was going to say," continued Mabyn, "that a gentleman who has really a regard for a girl would not insist on her keeping a promise which only rendered her unhappy. I don't see what you are to gain by it. I suppose you—you expect Wenna to marry you? Well, I dare say if you called on her to punish herself that way, she might do it. But what good would that do you? Would you like to have a wife who was in love with another man?"

"You have become quite logical, Miss Mabyn," said he, "and argument suits you better than getting into a rage. And much of what you say is quite true. You *are* a very young girl. You don't know much of what the world would say about anything. But being furnished with these admirable convictions, did it never occur to you that you might not be acting wisely in blundering into an affair of which you know nothing?"

The coldly sarcastic fashion in which he spoke threatened to disturb Mabyn's forced equanimity. "Know nothing?" she said. "I know everything about it, and I can see that my sister is miserable: that is sufficient reason for my interference. Mr. Roscorla, you won't ask her to marry you?"

Had the proud and passionate Mabyn condescended to make an appeal to her ancient enemy? At last she raised her eyes, and they seemed to plead for mercy.

"Come, come," he said, roughly: "I've had enough of all this sham beseeching. I know what it means. Trelyon is a richer man than I am: she has let her idle girlish notions go dreaming day-dreams, and so I am expected to stand aside. There has been enough of this

nonsense. She is not a child; she knows what she undertook of her own free will; and she knows she can get rid of this schoolgirl fancy directly if she chooses. I, for one, won't help her to disgrace herself."

Mabyn began to breathe a little more quickly. She had tried to be reasonable; she had even humbled herself and begged from him; now there was a sensation in her chest as of some rising emotion that demanded expression in quick words. "You will try to make her marry you?" said she, looking him in the face.

"I will try to do nothing of the sort," said he. "She can do as she likes. But she knows what an honourable woman would do."

"And I," said Mabyn, her temper at length quite getting the better of her, "I know what an honourable man would do. He would refuse to bind a girl to a promise which she fears. He would consider her happiness to be of more importance than his comfort. Why, I don't believe you care at all whether Wenna marries you or not: it is only you can't bear her being married to the man she really does love. It is only envy, that's what it is. Oh, I am ashamed to think there is a man alive who would force a girl into becoming his wife on such terms!"

"There is certainly one considerable objection to my marrying your sister," said he with great politeness. "The manners of some of her relatives might prove embarrassing."

"Yes, that is true enough," Mabyn said with hot cheeks. "If ever I became a relative of yours, my manners no doubt would embarrass you very considerably. But I am not a relative of yours as yet, nor is my sister."

"May I consider that you have said what you had to say?" said he, taking up his hat.

Proud and angry, and at the same time mortified by her defeat, Mabyn found herself speechless. He did not offer to shake hands with her. He bowed to her in passing out. She made the least possible acknowledgment, and then she was alone. Of course a hearty cry followed. She felt she had done no good. She had determined to be calm, whereas all the calmness had been on his side, and she had been led into speaking in a manner which a discreet and well-bred young lady would have shrunk from in horror. Mabyn sat still and sobbed, partly in anger and partly in disappointment: she dared not even go to tell her sister.

But Mr. Roscorla, as he went over the bridge again and went up to Basset Cottage, had lost all his assumed coolness of judgment and demeanour. He felt he had been tricked by Wenna and insulted by Mabyn, while his rival had established a hold which it would be in vain for him to seek to remove. He was in a passion of rage. He would not go near Wenna again. He would at once set off for London, and enjoy himself there while his holiday lasted: he would not write a word to her; then, when the time arrived, he would set sail for Jamaica, leaving her to her own conscience. He was suffering a good deal from anger, envy, and jealousy, but he was consoled by the thought that she was suffering more. And he reflected, with some comfort to himself, that she would scarcely so far demean herself as to marry Harry Trelyon so long as she knew in her heart what he, Roscorla, would think of her for so doing.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE ABODE OF SNOW.

ZANSKAR.

(continued.)

AFTER passing down the valley for several hours, we came at last upon Kharjak or Khargia, the first village of Zanskar, comprising little more than about a dozen houses, and with only two or three poor fields. There were a great number, however, of yaks and ponies, and no signs of poverty about the place. The people are Tibetan-speaking Lama Buddhists, and differ from those of the other Tibetan provinces of the Himáliya only in being more pastoral, more primitive, more devout, more hospitable, and less democratic. Kharjak is a dependence of the larger village of Thesur, about a day's journey down the valley. The principal *talúkdár* of both was in it when I arrived; and his reception of us, as well as that given by all the people, formed a very pleasing contrast to the inhospitality of the Lahaulies. The *Talúkdár* gave me a rupee as a *hushár* or act of obeisance, and insisted on furnishing my servants with horses for the next two days' journey, purely out of the hospitality of a mountaineer. He himself accompanied us these two days, with three times the number of men that I required or paid for, merely to show me respect,

and he was very kind and attentive in every way. Any sportsmen who have gone into Zanskar have done so from Kashmir, and only as far as Padam, so that in this part of the country sahibs are almost unknown. I am not aware that any one has passed through it since Mr. Heyde did so, and, in these circumstances, hospitality, though pleasant, is not to be wondered at. Kharjak, as I have mentioned, is 13,670 feet high, and it is inhabited all the year round. The sky was overclouded in the afternoon; some rain fell, and a violent wind arose, which continued through great part of the night.

Around this highly elevated village there is an unusual number of large *choten*, nearly solid edifices, generally composed of large square platforms, placed one above another, and surrounded by the larger half of an inverted cone which supports a tapering pillar bearing a Dharma emblem. These *choten* were originally receptacles for offerings, and for the relics of departed saints, and they thus came to be considered a holy symbol, and to be made large without containing either offerings or relics. They are sometimes of nearly a pyramidal shape. According to Koeppen, the proper names for them are *m Tschhod*, *r Ten*, or *g Dung*, *r Ten*; and General Cunningham says that the latter word denotes the proper bone-holders, or depositaries of holy relics; but *choten*, or something very like it, has come to be generally applied to all edifices of this kind. There are more than a dozen of them about Kharjak, some nearly twenty feet high, and they do not seem to be associated with any particular saint. Some of them had what by courtesy might be taken for a pair of eyes figured on the basement; and this, Cunningham informs us, means that they are dedicated to the supreme Búdha, "the eye of the universe." One also frequently finds among the Tibetans small *choten* three or four inches high, and I was shown one of these which was said to contain the ashes of a man's wife.

Zanskar is rich, too, in the *mani* which are to be found sometimes in the most desolate situations. These are long tumuli or broad dykes of stones, many of which stones are inscribed or sculptured. They are met with even high up among the mountains, and vary in length from thirty feet to so many as a thousand and even more. Their usual height is about five feet, and the breadth about ten. I suppose I must have passed hundreds of

these *mani* on my journey; and the Tibetans invariably pass so as to keep them on the right-hand side, but I have been unable to discover the meaning of this practice. The stones are beautifully inscribed for the most part with the universal Lama prayer, "*Om mani pad me haun*;" but Herr Jaeschke informs me that sometimes whole pages of the Tibetan Scriptures are to be found upon them, and they have, more rarely, well-executed bas-reliefs of Búdha, of various saints, and of sacred Búdhist symbols. These stones are usually prepared and deposited for some special reason, such as for safety on a journey, for a good harvest, for the birth of a son; and the prodigious number of them in so thinly peopled a country indicates an extraordinary waste of human energy.

In a certain formal sense the Tibetans are undoubtedly a praying people, and the most pre-eminently praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying stones, praying pyramids, praying flags flying over every house, praying wheels, praying mills, and the universal prayer, "*Om mani pad me haun*," is never out of their mouths. In reference to that formula, Koeppen, in his "*Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*," p. 59, makes the following striking remarks, the truth of which every Tibetan traveller will allow: "These primitive six syllables which the Lamas repeat are, of all the prayers of earth, the prayer which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in all stages of contemplation, that is to say, of nihilism; and they are the cries of conflict and triumph. One meets with them everywhere wherever the Lama Church has established itself — on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper, human skulls, skeletons, and so forth. They are, according to the meaning of the believer, the essence of all religion, of all wisdom and revelation; they are the way of salvation, and the entrance to holiness. 'These six syllables unite the joys of all Búdhas in one point, and are the root of all doctrine. They are the heart of all hearts out of which everything profitable

and blessed flows; they are the root of knowledge, the guide to re-birth in a higher state of being, the door which the curse of birth has closed up, the ship which carries us out of the mutations of birth, the light which illumines the black darkness, the valiant conqueror of the five evils, the flaming ocean in which sins and sorrows are destroyed, the hammer which shatters all pain,—and so forth."

That is pretty well for a glorification of "*Om mani pad me haun*," and one becomes impatient to know what these mystic syllables mean, and how they come to possess such tremendous power. It is rather disappointing to find that the closest English version of them which can be given is,—"O God! the jewel in the lotus! Amen." I have gone carefully into this subject, and little more can be got out of it. Substantially the prayer, or rather exclamation, is not of Tibetan, but of Sanscrit origin. Koeppen translates it simply as—"O! *das Kleinod im Lotus! Amen*." But that is quite insufficient, because the great force of the formula lies in "*Om*," the sacred syllable of the Hindús, which ought never to be pronounced, and which denotes the absolute, the supreme Divinity. In order to show the literal meaning, the words may be translated into their English equivalents, thus—

Om mani pad me haun.
O God! the jewel lotus in Amen!

I need not go into the mystic explanations of this formula, as, for instance, that each of the five syllables which follow the sacred "*Om*" is a preservative against a particular great class of evils. Suffice to note that the repeating of this prayer—whether vocally or by various mechanical means—has become a sacred and protecting symbol, such as making the sign of the cross is among Roman Catholic Christians. However it may be with the more intelligent of the Lamas, to the ordinary Tibetan mind, "*Om mani pad me haun*" is only known in that sense, and as a prayer for the well-being of the six classes of creatures,—to wit, human beings, animals, evil spirits, souls in heaven, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell. Koeppen does not seem to have been aware of this special application of the prayer as it is now used, but that is really the meaning universally associated with it; and so it comes to be an aspiration of universal benevolence, which is supposed to have a protecting influence

on those who give utterance to it, or reproduce it in any way. The original meaning of a charm of this kind does not much matter when once it obtains general acceptance; and it is quite in accordance with the peculiar value attached to it, that the reproduction of it on stones, flags, and rolls of paper, should be regarded as religious worship, as well as the oral repetition of it.

It is in this way that the prayer-wheels and prayer-mills are used. These cylinders are filled with rolls of paper, on which this prayer, and occasionally other charms, are written many times, and the turning them from left to right is supposed to be a means of offering up the prayer. The Lamas keep constantly repeating it when turning their hand-cylinders upon an axis which they grasp below. These cylinders are very often shortly called "*mani*," a word which is loosely applied to many matters connected with the Lama religion; but, according to Cunningham, their proper designation is "*mani—chhos—khor*," or the "precious religious wheel." This agrees with Koeppen, who adds that they are not originally Tibetan, but were used in India four hundred years before the Christian era. On that latter point, however, he gives no authority for his statement, which is opposed to the opinion of Klaproth, and of such an experienced archæologist as Cunningham, who says of the prayer-cylinder, "I can vouch that I have never seen it represented on any piece of Indian sculpture." I understand that about Dárjiling it is not difficult to get prayer-cylinders, but they are probably manufactured specially for the foreign market. Mr. Heyde told me the only way in which he has been able to supply the demand of friends for them was to get them manufactured; and all my efforts to purchase from Lamas a specimen which had been in use were entirely fruitless.

Our next day's journey to the *taluk-dár's* village of Thesur was a sort of honorary procession, and the path was pretty good, though there were some ugly ravines and high banks above the river. Before reaching Thesur we had to cross to the left bank of the Kharjak Chu, and this was not easily accomplished. The stream was broad, and so rapid that a single man on horseback might have been swept away; so we had to join hands and go over in an extended line—the riders, so to speak, supporting the horses, and the action of the whole party

preventing any individual steed from being carried down. There were no trees in the village, but the houses were large, and there were a number of sloping but hardly terraced fields. The next morning took us to the junction of the Kharjak Chu with the Tsarap Lingti, before which we passed the Yal bridge, one of single rope, on which a man had all the appearance of flying through the air, as the slope from one side was considerable. The junction of the two rivers was a beautiful scene. On the right, the Mune Gonpa, or monastery, had a picturesque castellated appearance; and the water of the Tsarap Lingti was of a clear, deep blue, with long, large, deep pools. The stream we had descended was of a muddy grey colour; and for some way after their junction, the distinction between the water of the two rivers was as marked as it is at the junction of the Rhone and the Arve beneath the Lake of Geneva; but (as is usual in unions between human beings of similarly dissimilar character) the coarse and muddy river soon gained the advantage, and polluted the whole stream. Probably there is a lake up in that unsurveyed part of the mountains from whence the Tsarap Lingti descends, and hence its waters are so pure; for the rocks between which it ran are of the same character as those of its muddy tributary. Shortly after we passed Char (12,799 feet), perched most picturesquely on the other side of the river, but connected with our side by a very well-constructed and easy *jhála*. Immediately after, there was a camping-ground, and some attempt was made at a change of *bigarries*, but the Char people refused to have anything to do with the burden of our effects. I found my tent pitched at the little village of Suley, on a very small, windy, exposed platform, about a thousand feet above the river, and had it moved on again. We then passed down into a tremendous ravine, at the bottom of which there was a narrow deep gorge choked up with pieces of rock, beneath which a large mountain-stream foamed and thundered. Soon after, we reached a bad, but sheltered and warm camping-ground, on the brink of the Tsarap Lingti, and there stayed for the night, the Suley people bringing us supplies. The next day took us over very difficult ground, with no villages on our side of the river, but with Dargong and Itchor on the other. We camped at the village of Mune, beside a fine grove of willow-trees, the first I had seen in Zanskar,

and near the Mune Gonpa, the Lamas of which were indisposed to allow me to examine their retreat. The next day took me to Padam, over similar ground. We descended by a steep slope, dangerous for riding, into the valley of the Tema Tokpho, and crossed that river just above its confluence. Soon after, the great Burdun Gonpa appeared, where also objection was made to my admission; and, on approaching Padam, I had the great pleasure of seeing a few square miles of level ground which, though it was in great part covered with white stones, afforded much relief to a mind somewhat overburdened with precipice-walls and gorges. At Padam we were told to camp in a very unsuitable place half a mile from the town, among fields which next morning were flooded with water; but I would not do so, and found a delightful camping-ground about a quarter of a mile to the west of the town, on a fine grassy terrace under the shelter of an immense rock, which completely protected us from the wind.

This capital of Zanskar may be called a town, or even a city, as matters go in the Himáliya, and was at least the largest village I had seen since leaving Shipki in Chinese Tibet. It has a population of about two thousand, and is the residence of a *thanadar*, who governs the whole province as representative of the maharajah of Kashmir, and who is supported by a small force of horse and foot soldiers. In the afternoon this Mohammedan official called, and presented a *hasár* of Baltistan apricots, and said he would send a *sowar* or trooper with me to Súrú, in order to prevent any difficulty on the way. He was civil and agreeable, and was specially interested in my revolver; but I did not get much information out of him beyond learning that in winter the people of Padam were pretty well snowed-up in their houses; and, if that be the case there, at a height of only 11,373 feet, what must it be in the villages which are over thirteen thousand feet high?

No province could be much more secluded than Zanskar is. The tremendous mountains which bound it, the high passes which have to be crossed in order to reach it, and its distance (both linear and practical) from any civilized region, cut it completely off from the foreign influences which are beginning to affect some districts of even the Himáliya. There is a want of any progressive element in itself, and its Tibetan-Búdhist people are in opposition to the influence

of Mohammedan Kashmir. It yields some small revenue to the maharajah; but the authority of his officers and soldiers in it is very small, and they are there very much by sufferance. It is the same in the Tibetan portion of Súrú; but when I got over the long, wild, habitationless tract which lies between the Ringdom monastery, and the village of Súrú, among a population who were more Kashmir and Mohammedan than Tibetan and Búdhist, I found an immense change in the relations between the people on the one hand and the soldiers on the other. The former were exceedingly afraid of the soldiers, and the latter oppressed the people very much as they pleased. There was nothing of that, however, visible in Zanskar, where the zemindars paid little respect to the soldiers, and appeared to manage the affairs of the country themselves, much as the zemindars do in other districts of the Himáliya which are entirely free from Mohammedan control.

According to Cunningham, Zanskar has an area of three thousand square miles, and a mean elevation of 13,154 feet, as deduced from seven observations made along "the course of the valley;" but in no sense can it be correctly spoken of as one valley; for it is composed of three great valleys. Taking Padam as a centre, one of these runs up the course of the Tsarap Lingti which we have just descended; another, which we are about to ascend, lies along the upper Zanskar River, up towards the Pense-la Pass and Súrú; while a third is the valley of the Zanskar River proper, which is formed by the junction of the two streams just mentioned: these, when conjoined, flow in a nearly northern direction towards the upper Indus. In shape, this province is something like the three legs of the Manx coat of arms. Its greatest length must be nearly ninety miles, and its mean breadth must be over fifty; but this gives no idea of what it is to the traveller who has to follow the course of the rivers and meets with difficult ground. It took me ten marches to get from one end of Zanskar to the other; and no one with loaded coolies could have done it in less than nine. Cunningham translates the name Zanskar, or rather "Zangs-kar," as "white copper" or brass; but an enthusiastic Gaelic scholar suggests to me that it is the same as Sanquhar of Scotland, and has a similar meaning. This latter supposition may seem very absurd at first sight,

Tibetan being a Turanian, and Gaelic an Aryan language; but his contention only is that the names of innumerable places in Tibet and Tartary are identical with the local names of the Gaelic language; and for almost every Tibetan name I mentioned to him he found a Gaelic synonym, having a meaning which suited the character of the Tibetan localities very appropriately. I cannot do more than refer to this matter here, but should not be surprised if this view were borne out by a strictly scientific investigation of the subject; for it struck me forcibly before I left Zanskar that there must be some unknown relationship between the people of that province and the Scottish Highlanders. The sound of their language, the brooches which fasten their plaids, the varieties of tartan which their woolen clothes present, and even the features of the people (which are of an Ayran rather than a Tartar type), strongly reminded me of the Scotch Highlanders. The men had tall athletic forms, long faces, aquiline noses; and the garments of the women in particular presented many of the clan tartans, though the check was not so common as the stripe. Division of races and of languages have been employed of late to an unscientific extreme; and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that a particular Himáliyan tribe, of mixed Aryan and Turanian blood, speaking a mixed language, which became almost entirely Aryan as they advanced, but preserving especially the local names of their Tibetan birthplace, with some peculiarities of dress and custom, may have pushed their way along the "Stony Girdle of the Earth" to the islands (if they were then islands) of the Western Sea. *R* and *N* being interchangeable, and as words signifying crossing or weaving across, it is not absolutely impossible that tartan may have some relationship to Tartar, the name of the cloth being taken from that of the people who wore it. This is about as likely as the usual derivation of tartan from the French *tiretaine*; but it would be almost as unwarrantable to affirm it without some positive indication of its having been the case, as it would be to accept the derivation of an ingenious and learned friend who insists that the word tartan obtained its present application when the Assyrian general Tartan (Isa. xx. 1-4) took Ashdod, and carried away the Egyptians captive in an imperfectly-clothed condition, which must

have made them bear a striking resemblance to Scotch Highlanders in their national costume.

Starting from Padam in the afternoon of the next day, we proceeded in a north-westerly direction up the pretty, level, open valley of the upper Zanskar River, and camped at Seni Gonpa, where there is a small village. The next day also, on the journey to Phe, the road was good, and the valley pleasant, but we had to cross to the left bank of the river by a long and difficult *jhála*. It was amusing to notice the looks of the dogs as, wrapt in plaids, they were unwillingly carried over on the backs of coolies; and one of my servants became so nervous in the middle, that he was unable to go either backwards or forwards, until one of the mountaineers was sent to his assistance. After passing two villages, we came on a long stretch of uninhabited ground that extended to Phe, and here met with the commencement of a tremendous snow-storm, which, on and about the 16th and 17th September, swept over the whole line of the Western Himálya from Kashmir, at least as far as the Barra Lacha Pass, closing the passes, and preventing the Yarkund traders from getting down to Simla, as noted in the Indian newspapers at the time. Such a snowstorm is not usual so early in the season, but the Zanskaries said it occasionally occurred. It had often struck me how little attention the people of the Himálya paid to the weather, and how ignorant they were of its signs; and the present occasion was no exception to that rule, as the storm appeared to take our party quite by surprise. The morning had been cold and dark, but with that peculiar thickening of the air which indicates the gathering of snow. As we advanced up the valley, an ocean of mist began to hurry across it from the glaciers and snowy mountains on the left or south-western side; but admitting, at first, occasional gleams of sickly sunlight, which soon disappeared altogether. At first, also, there was almost no wind where we were, though it was blowing a hurricane above, and the mist rushed over from the one snowy range to the other with marvellous rapidity. After a time, however, violent gusts of wind and blasts of rain came down upon us; the rain changed into sleet; a violent wind blew steadily; and before we reached the valley of Phe it was snowing heavily. To camp in our tents in these circumstances was not desirable; and the *sowar* whom the *thanadar* of

Padam had given me, prevailed on the principal zemindar of Phe to allow us to take up our quarters in his house; and there we had to stay until the day after next, when the force of the storm had exhausted itself.

This house, which was a typical Tibetan residence of the better class, was built of stone, without mortar, but interspersed by large beams, which must have been brought from a distance, and which add to the security of the edifice. It occupied an area of, I should think, about eighty feet in length, and sixty in breadth, was two-storeyed, and had a small courtyard in front. All the lower rooms were occupied by ponies, sheep, and cattle; and savoury were the smells, and discordant the cries, which they sent up-stairs, or rather through the roof of their abode, during my two days' confinement above. The upper story was reached by a stone staircase, which ascended partly outside the house and partly inside, and which, in its latter portion, required one to stoop painfully. Part of this storey, fronting the courtyard, had no roof, and so formed a kind of balcony, one end of which, however, was roofed over, and afforded shelter and a cooking-place for my servants. From that, a low passage, on both sides of which there were some small rooms or closets, led into the principal apartment of the house, on one side of which there was another large room, occupied by the women and children, with a very small window and balcony. On another side there was a store-room; and on the third there was a dark room which was used as a chapel, and in which a light was kept constantly burning. The principal apartment, in which I took up my residence, along with the husbands of the wife,* and apparently

* The following letter, from the professor of Chinese in King's College, London, has been received, having reference to my account of polyandry in the January number of the magazine; and, while willingly giving it publicity, I must again remark that the immorality which appears to exist in Eastern Tibet is almost unknown in the Tibetan countries to the west:—

"To the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'"

"Sir,—I was induced, by reading the article on Tibetan polyandry, which appeared in the January number of your magazine, to look into a Chinese work published at the end of the last century on the manners and customs of the people of Tibet, and I there found the original of the following passage, which so fully confirms the opinion expressed by the writer of the article that the polyandry as practised in Tibet is limited to the marriage of one woman to two or more brothers, and the statements he quotes from the work of the Abbé Desgodins as to the general immorality which prevails, that I send it you *in extenso*.

"The women of the labouring classes [in Tibet] are more robust than the men, and to their lot fall all the

any one who might drop in, including a Balti wanderer, was about forty feet long by thirty. It had no window, properly speaking — light, air, and, I may add, snow, finding admission through a square hole in the roof, with sides each about six feet. Directly below this, but not so large, there was a corresponding hole in the floor, so that a sort of well ran down to the ground-floor, and served to carry off the rain and snow which are admitted by the hole in the roof. This is an ingenious arrangement, and shows that the human mind may have some invention even when it is not equal to conceive of a chimney. The room was just high enough to allow of a tall man standing upright beneath the beams; and the roof was about four feet thick, being composed of thorn-bushes pressed very closely together, and resting on several large strong beams. Inside, the walls were plastered with a kind of coarse *chunam*; the floor was composed of rafters and slabs of slate; and on the floor, resting against one of the walls, there were two or three small stone fireplaces, which constituted the only furniture, except one or two chests, which served as seats.

To say that this was in itself a pleasant place of residence would be incorrect. The large aperture in the centre of the roof created a low temperature which required a fire to make it tolerable, but the smoke from the fire knew when it was well off, and showed a remarkable aversion to going out at the aperture. Consequently, there was the alternative of being starved with cold or being occasionally half-choked and blinded with the pungent smoke of birch and thorn-bushes. However, the smoke, after going up the wall, did collect pretty close to the roof, the inside of which it had covered with a thick layer of soot. That was not nearly so great an evil as the por-

ous character of the roof itself, through which the snow soaked only too easily, and, being thoroughly melted by the time it got through the roof, fell everywhere into the apartment in large, black, dirty drops, so that it was somewhat difficult to find a spot on which one could keep dry or clean.

On the second day, when there was no appearance of the snowstorm ceasing, and there was great probability of my having to spend a winter of eight months in Phe, I began seriously to consider what state I should likely be in after so prolonged a residence in such an apartment. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one, and I resolved, if I had to remain, to take up my abode in the half-covered balcony. My liquors were at their last ebb, and my tea was disappearing; but I could keep myself going in coffee by means of roasted barley, and there would be no want of milk, meal, and mutton. Perhaps a knowledge of the Tibetan language might prove more useful to me than that of English; and an intelligent being might find more satisfaction as a Nimapa Lama, than as either primate or prime minister of England in the present age.

The polyandric wife and mother of this house kept to the inner room; but there was a delightful trio which kept me company in the public apartment, and was composed of the aged grandmother and two fine children, a girl and boy of five and six years old respectively. They were delicious children, fair almost as northern Europeans, frolicsome and wild whenever the grandmother was away or not looking after them, and the next moment as demure as mice when the cat is in the room. They ate with great gusto enormous piles of thick scones covered with fine rancid butter. No young lions ever had a more splendid appetite, or roared more lustily for their food. The old woman kept them winding yarn and repeating "*Om mani pad me haun*;" but the moment her back was turned they would spring up, dance about, open their sheepskin coats and give their little plump rosy bodies a bath of cold air; but when old granny, who was bleary-eyed and half-blind, hobbled back, they were seated in their places in an instant, hard at work at "*Om mani pad*," and looking as if butter would not melt in their mouths. Sometimes they would sit down beside me and gaze into the fire, with all the wisdom and solemnity of Búdba in their countenances; then the boy's naked

heavier kinds of work. As a result of this, it constantly happens that three or four brothers in a household take unto themselves conjointly one wife, whose offspring are divided by choice among her husbands. Such wives who succeed in living in harmony with three or four brothers are called "accomplished," in recognition of their capacity for governing their households. In addition to labour in the fields, all such work as spinning, weaving, and other domestic duties, are expected of the women, and those who are ignorant of such arts are objects of universal ridicule. Adultery is not considered shameful; and when a married woman forms a *liaison*, she frankly informs her husband or husbands that such and such a one has become her "*ying-tuk*" or "gallant bachelor." The husband or husbands make no objection; and husbands and wife, "averting their eyes" from the doings of each other, contentedly follow their own devices.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ROBERT K. DOUGLAS."

foot would noiselessly steal out until he caught a burning branch between his toes, on which the girl would give him a violent nudge, push him over, and they would both jump up laughing and run away. The grandmother too was interesting. She said she had seen seventy years — she did not know how many more, and the Tibetans rarely know their own ages. There was between her and the children that confidential relationship we often see in Europe, and which, being born of love, creates no fear; and she also found room in her affections for a young kitten, which drove Djeśla almost mad. Though nearly blind she plied her distaff industriously, and she showed her piety by almost continuously repeating the great Lama prayer. It is true she never got any farther than "*Om mani pad*," thereby getting over more repetitions of it than would have been possible had she pronounced the whole formula; but let us hope the fraud on heaven was passed over. A less agreeable occupation in which she indulged was that of freeing her own garments and those of the children from unpleasant parasites; for, after doing so, she always carefully placed them on the floor without injuring them; for it would never have done to neutralize the effect of the prayer for the six classes of beings by destroying any of them. To the looker-on, this placing of parasites on the floor is apt to suggest foreboding reflections. But, to tell the truth, one gets accustomed to that sort of thing. Whatever care be taken, it is impossible to travel for any time among the Himálya without making the acquaintance of a good many little friends. It is impossible to describe the shuddering disgust with which the discovery of the first is made; but, by the time you get to the five-hundredth, you cease to care about them, and take it as a matter of course. When our bedding and all our baggage is carried on the backs of coolies, there must be some transference of that class of parasites which haunt the human body and clothes; but they are easily got rid of entirely when the supply stops.

Though the children were so fair, the men of the house were dark and long-featured, with almost nothing of the Tartar in their countenances; but their language is quite Tibetan, and I should say that we have here a distinct instance of a people who speak the language of an alien race and that alone. It will be curious if my supposition be correct that

these Zanskaries are the congeners of the Celtic race, and the subject is well worthy of examination. I was not admitted into the room dedicated to religious purposes, but saw there were Búdhist images, brass basins and saucer-lights similar to those used both by the Chinese and the Indians. The young Balti who had taken refuge with us from the storm displayed his honesty, though he was going in a different direction from ours; for, on my giving him four annas (sixpence) for quite a number of the apricots of his country which he had presented me with, he said that was too much, and brought me more of his dried fruit, which must have been carried over a difficult journey of weeks. I met several large parties of Baltis in this part of the Himálya, and was struck by their Jewish appearance. Though Mohammedans, their language is Tibetan, and Nurdass had no difficulty in talking with them. Here is another instance where a people, evidently not of a Tartar race, speak a Tartar language; and I must again protest against the extreme to which the philologists have employed the clue of language. The Jews of China have entirely lost their own tongue, and their nationality has been recognized only by two or three customs, and by their possession of copies of the Pentateuch — which they are unable to read. Such matters are often as well treated by men of general knowledge and large capacity of thought as by the devotees of some particular branch of knowledge.

On the second morning after our arrival at Phe the storm had entirely passed off, and a council of the villagers was held to determine whether or not we could be got over the Pense-la Pass. I should have been delighted to remain in Zanskar all winter, though not in such an apartment as I have described, but was, in a manner, bound in honour to my servants to proceed if it were possible to do so; and the villagers were anxious to see us off their hands; for it would have been a serious matter for them had we remained all winter. So, with a strong body of *bigarries* and a number of ponies and cows, we started at nine in the morning. The open valley presented a most lovely scene. Pure white snow rose up on either side of it nearly from the river to the tops of the high mountains, dazzling in the sunlight. Above, there was a clear, brilliant, blue sky, unspotted by any cloud or fleck of mist, but with great eagles occasionally flitting across it.

Close to the river the snow had melted, or was melting from the grass, displaying beautiful autumn flowers which had been uninjured by it; the moisture on these flowers and on the grass was sparkling in the sunlight. Every breath of the pure keen air was exhilarating; and for music we had the gush of snow-rivulets and the piping of innumerable large marmots, which came out of their holes on the sides of the valley, and whistled to each other. It was more like an Alpine scene in spring than in autumn, and reminded me of Beattie's lines describing the outbreak of a Lapland spring:—

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the seasons bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound,
From silent mountains, straight with startling sound,
Torrents are hurled; green hills emerge; and, lo!
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crowned,
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling flow.

On reaching the last village, called Abing, it was determined not to stay there, but to camp as high up on the pass as we could reach before nightfall, in order to have the whole of the next day for getting over the deep snow with which its summit was covered. On ascending from the larger valley, we passed through a number of picturesque small vales, and then got on a more open tract, on one side of which, where there were some birch-bushes, we camped at eve. My tent had to be pitched on snow, and I may say that for the next seven days, or until I reached Dras, I was very little off that substance; and for six nights my tent was either pitched on snow or on ground which had been swept clear of it for the purpose. At this camp on the Pense-la, darkness came on (there being only a crescent moon in the early morning) before our preparations for the night were concluded. My thermometer sank to 22°, and there was something solemn suggested on looking into the darkness and along the great snowy wastes. My *bigarries* were very much afraid of bears, saying that the place was haunted by them; but none appeared.

Starting early next morning, we passed through several miles of thick brushwood, chiefly birch and willow, just before we approached the *col* of the Pense-

la Pass. A great glacier flowed over it, and for some way our ascent lay up the rocky slopes to the right side of this ice-stream; but that was tedious work, and when we got up a certain distance, and the snow was thick enough to support us, we moved on to the glacier itself, and so made the remainder of the ascent. The fall of snow here had been tremendous. I probed in vain with my seven-feet-long alpenstock to strike the ice beneath; but every now and then a crevasse, too large to be bridged by the snow, showed the nature of the ground we were on. I fancy this was the most dangerous ground I rode over in all the *Himāliya*, for the snow over a crevasse might have given way beneath a horse and his rider; but several of the *Zanskar* men were riding and did not dismount, so I was fain to trust to this local knowledge, though I did not put any confidence in it. Not far from the top of the pass we came upon a beautiful little lake in the glacier, sunk within walls of blue ice, and frozen, but with the snow which had fallen and the upper ice of its surface all melted. For by this time the power of the sunbeams in the rarefied atmosphere, and their reflection from the vast sheets of pure white snow, was something tremendous. I had on blue goggles to protect my eyes,* and a double muslin veil over my face, yet all the skin on my face was destroyed. After crossing this pass, my countenance became very much like an over-roasted leg of mutton; and as to my hands, the mere sight of them would have made a New Zealander's teeth water. On my Indian servants the only effect was to blacken their faces, and make their eyes blood-shot. The top of the Pense-la is only 14,440 feet high, but it took us a long time to reach it, our horses sinking up to their girths in the snow at almost every step, and the leader having to be frequently changed. We have been told to pray that our flight should not be in the winter; and certainly in a *Himāliyan* winter it would not be possible to fly either quickly or far without the wings of eagles. The deep dark blue of the heavens above contrasted with the perfect and dazzling whiteness of the earthly scene around. The uniformity of colour

* There was another use to which I found goggles could be put. Tibetan mastiffs were afraid of them. The fiercest dog in the *Himāliya* will skulk away terrified if you walk up to it quietly in perfect silence with a pair of dark-coloured goggles on, and as if you meditated some villainy; but to utter a word goes far to break the spell.

in this exquisite scene excited no sense of monotony; and, looking on the beautiful garment of snow which covered the mountains and glaciers, but did not conceal their forms, one might well exclaim—

It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood.

Especially striking was the icy spire of one of the two Akun (the Ser and Mer) peaks, the highest of the Western Himá-liya, which rose up before us in Súrú to the height of 23,477 feet. I did not get another glimpse of it; but from this side it appeared to be purely a spire of glittering ice, no rock whatever being visible, and the sky was

Its own calm home, its crystal shrine,
Its habitation from eternity.

But instead of attempting further description, let me quote an older traveller, and give Hiouen Tsang's description of what he beheld on the Musur Dabaghan mountain as applicable to what I saw from, and experienced on the Pense-la, and still more especially on the Shinkal: "The top of the mountain rises to the sky. Since the beginning of the world the snow has been accumulating and is now transformed into vast masses of ice, which never melt either in spring or summer. Hard and brilliant sheets of snow are spread out till they are lost in the infinite and mingle with the clouds. If one looks at them the eyes are dazzled by the splendour. Frozen peaks hang down over both sides of the path some hundred feet high and twenty or thirty feet thick. It is not without difficulty or danger that the traveller can clear them or climb over them. Besides, there are squalls of wind and tornadoes of snow which attack the pilgrims. Even with double shoes and with thick furs one cannot help trembling and shivering."

In front of us immense sheets of snow stretched steeply into a narrow valley, and down one of these we plunged in a slanting direction. It was too late to reach the neighbourhood of any human habitations that night; but we descended the valley for several miles till we came to brushwood and a comparatively warm camping-spot, well satisfied at having got over the Pense-la without a single accident. Where I was to go next, however, was a matter of some anxiety; for here the elevated-valley theory began to break down, and we were in front of a confused

congeries of mountains which must be difficult enough to cross at any time, but tenfold so after such a snowstorm as had just swept over the Himá-liya. I felt especially uneasy about those unknown places of which Mr. Heyde had said, "they might be a little difficult to get over." From this point where we now were, I had proposed to go, in a south-westerly direction, over the Chiling Pass, to Petgam in Maru Wardwan, from whence it would not have been difficult to reach Islamabad in the south of Kashmir; but the Zanskar men declared that there was no such pass, no passage in that direction; and it was at least clearly evident that the habitationless villages leading that way were so blocked up with prodigious masses of snow, that they had become quite impracticable till next summer. I was thus compelled to proceed northwards, and to strike the road from Leh to Kashmir, and camped that day at a small village near to the great Ringdom Gonpa. I was permitted to enter and examine this monastery, but must reserve an account of it. From there it took me three easy marches, through beautiful open valleys, to reach the village and fort of Súrú. The first two days were over uninhabited ground; and we camped the first night at Gúlmatongo, where there are some huts occupied by herdsmen in summer. This place is the most advanced post in that direction of the Tibetan-speaking people, and of the Lama religion; for the village of Parkatze, where we camped next night, is inhabited chiefly by Kashmiri Mohammedans, and at Súrú there are a Kashmiri *thanadar* and a military force. In these valleys there are immense numbers of large marmots, called *pta* by the Tibetans, from the peculiar sound they make. We shot several of them, and found their brown fur to be very soft and thick. There was no difficulty in shooting them, but some in gaining possession of them, for they were always close to the entrance of their holes, and escaped down these unless killed outright. The people do not eat them, considering them to be a species of rat; and though the skins are valued, this animal does not seem to be hunted. The skins I procured disappeared at Súrú, the theft being laid to the charge of a dog; and though half my effects were carried in open *kiltas*, this was the only loss I experienced on my long journey, with the exception of a tin of bacon which disappeared in Lahaul, and which also was

debited to a canine thief. The Himá-lian marmots were larger than hares, though proportionately shorter in the body. They were so fat at this season that they could only waddle, having fed themselves up on the grass of summer in preparation for their long hybernation in winter. They undoubtedly communicate with one another by their shrill cries, and have a curiously intelligent air as they sit watching and piping at the mouth of their subterranean abodes. The marmot has a peculiar interest as one of the unchanged survivors of that period when the megatherium, the sivaltherium, and the other great animals whose fossil remains are found in the Siwalick range, were roaming over the Himáliyas, or over the region where these now rise.

Shortly before reaching Súrú we had to leave the bed of the Súrú River, which takes its rise near Gúlmátongo, and had to make a detour and considerable ascent. The cause of this was an enormous glacier, which came down into the river on the opposite (the left) bank, and deflected the stream from its course. Splendid walls of ice were thus exposed, and here also there is likely to be a catacyclism ere long. Súrú is only a dependency of Kashmir, and there were more snow-covered mountain-ranges to be crossed before I could repose in the Valley of Flowers; but at this place I had fairly passed out of the Tibetan region, and without, so far as I am aware, having become either a Lama or a Bodhisavata. I may say that, while it has unrivalled scenery, its people also are interesting, and manage wonderfully well with their hard and trying life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ISAAC CASAUBON.*

It is a scholar, mild and dim, with stooping frame and inward-gazing eyes, that calls our attention; not loudly, for the man is still, unused to commotion, and scared by it like any frightened mouse among the autumn sheaves; yet, in his way, with force as characteristic as the loudest soldier or statesman whose trumpet Fame has blown most strenuously. Nay, almost more so; for the great general and the great ruler must alike submit to certain conventional re-

strictions; but the humble scholar is safe to hold his own against those tricks of fashion which never reach him, those levelling influences of the great world to which, in his seclusion, he is scarcely subject. We might indeed roam over the bigger record of the world, and many of the lanes and byways of the age in which he lived, without finding him out, where he works like a mole in the learned gloom of his library; but once that the lantern of patient and friendly research is turned upon him, his very strangeness and novelty give him interest. The dimness of him, unaccustomed to the light, the timid movements, the hard ado he has to keep his obscure silent way amid the too much glitter and sensation of the surrounding crowd, all mark the perfectly novel individuality of the figure. He is new to us, yet so true, that, though we never perhaps saw another specimen of his kind, we recognize the portrait in a moment. Dr. Pattison has chosen a hero whom few biographers perhaps would have selected from the full ranks of the unrecorded; but his choice, if it does not supply any source of very warm interest or enthusiasm, at least affords a picture original and novel as well as true.

The name of Isaac Casaubon, one of the most learned men, and absolutely the first Greek scholar of his time, will probably recall to a great many readers the imaginary bookworm whom one of the greatest of living novelists has called after him; and perhaps some shadow of a feeling that the gentle old scholar had been wronged by the shadow of that selfish egotist thrown over him, has moved Dr. Pattison to vindicate his good name. The Casaubon of Geneva, of Paris, of London, is, however, very little like Mr. Casaubon in "Middlemarch." Scholarship, properly so called, is not, perhaps, in itself a widening or liberal pursuit — though we speak of a liberal education, and our fathers called letters humanity. In the nature of things, however, the mere acquiring of knowledge for no particular purpose, the pursuit of reading, as reading, for the information of one's own individual mind, without any immediate reference to the world or other minds, is not an expansive or morally improving process. A man whose warmest wish is to be left alone, to get rid of the interruption of friendly visits and social intercourse, and shut himself up with his books, must be liable more or less to the imputation of selfishness. Dr. Pattison does not claim any higher aims for his

* Isaac Casaubon. By Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College.

hero. When he was in full possession of the royal library of France, then one of the first in Europe, his historian allows that Casaubon did not even attempt to arrange or catalogue the wealth of books around him so as to make them useful to others, but, like a glutton, read, shutting himself up in solitary luxury to consume the food for which he had so inordinate an appetite. His productions, such as they were, "are now consigned to one common oblivion." Even for scholars they have, Dr. Pattison says, "but a secondary value" — "an historical interest," no more. Casaubon had no genius, though a great deal of industry, and no perception of the loftier beauties of literature. "The higher accents of Greek history and speculation he could not catch." "Greek speculation was wholly closed to him." His occupation in this world was to read — not the best of books, even; simple reading, of anything or everything that turned up, seems to have contented him. The books he edited are not the greater works of antiquity, but the lesser; he "interpreted the past" only by means of its second-rate exponents. Dr. Pattison, however, though he perceives his failings, is somewhat disposed to elevate his bookworm into a sublime position, raising him upon the pedestal of all those dusty piles through which he worked his not very profitable way. "The scholar is greater than his books," he tells us in a little burst of enthusiasm. "The result of his labours is not so many thousand pages in folio, but himself. . . . Learning is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated, through a prolonged period, on the analysis of the remains of literature. The result of this sustained mental endeavour is not a book, but a man."

Perhaps as strong a protest as could be found against that self-culture which has come to be the gospel of a certain class of minds, is involuntarily conveyed in these words. Granted that in Athenæus and Polybius, and other obscure classical authors, Casaubon's authority was in his generation of the highest, and his knowledge, so far as his age had gone, the most complete; and what then? It took him fifty-six years to cultivate and gather this knowledge — and after? The man died and departed, carrying all that dusty lore along with him, to a place in which it was very unlikely to help anybody, even himself. With toil, and trouble, and melancholy pains he gathered it, burrowing like

a mole in old MSS., and spending weeks on the arrangement of a defective sentence, which perhaps was of singularly small importance to any mortal after it had been deciphered. Poor, excellent soul! for excellent he was. We are glad to find him out in his library, and make acquaintance with another blurred and feeble page of human life, in which, as in so many, the meaning is a great deal better than the carrying-out; but surely it is a mistake to make a sublime example, or pretend to elucidate a noble figure of "a man" out of the dim record. The impression made upon us is not of a lofty or great character. The tendencies of his age, and the nature of his mind, led him towards this profession of learning, but less with an articulate intention of "interpreting" the past, than of satisfying his personal tastes. He knew Greek better than any man of his time, and taught it ably. He read, in season and out of season, lived for reading, filled his mind with books, though not by any means, or always, with the greatest books. Acquirement was the conscious and anxious aim of his life — not communication, as it must be, we presume, with every pure scholar. And he lost no opportunity of acquiring, and never turned aside willingly for a day from the life he loved, counting all time lost that was not given up to study; a man most faithful to his plan of life, and to the inclinations on which that plan was founded. Otherwise a good man, pure-minded, humble, amiable, with no greater fault than a little querulous temper now and then, a defect scarcely worth speaking of; but not a great typical man, nor a sublime example, poor good soul! any more than if the wares he dealt in had been hides, or leather, instead of books. He, too, like any other workman, "made drudgery divine" by the Christian purpose of his dimly labouring life and steadfast goodness and faith. But what more can be said? It is perhaps one of the special dangers of biography that the writer is tempted thus to erect into individual greatness the personage, whosoever that may be, of whom he writes, making, or trying to make, a hero out of a very plain man, and tracing visionary halos around the most prosaic brows. Dr. Pattison has fallen into this snare. His book, if perhaps, throughout, somewhat over-important for its subject, is a good book, carefully written, and with few of the ordinary blunders in good taste which make modern biography re-

markable; but he makes a mistake when he presents to us this dim-eyed gentle mortal as one of the men whose images enthral humanity. A mild interest, a calm curiosity, are all that Casaubon is likely to call forth from any reader. The world was not much the better for his blameless existence. He went through many troubles, but not in any marked or striking way so as to call forth more than a general sympathy; his example was not any great thing to follow, nor his unobtrusive figure to gaze at. But apart from these superlatives, when we come down to the soft half-light in which such a wayfarer has his natural place, he is pleasant to meet with, a shadow among the shadows, mildly characteristic, recognizable in his very dimness; and so long as we are not called upon to make a hero of him, the scholar is a pleasant variety among our many gleanings of human lives.

Casaubon was a French Huguenot by birth, educated and settled in his young manhood in Geneva, where he lived through the worst time of the valiant little struggling canton, cultivating the muses on something still less palatable than the "little oatmeal" which is the proverbial fare of their followers; and helping to make the schools of the city famous even when Geneva was besieged and starving. He starved too and held on, and even married wives, one dying early, and leaving him free to contract a second union in his twenty-seventh year. He married a daughter of the great publisher Henri Estienne, or to give him a more high-sounding title, Henricus Stephanus II., monarch and autocrat of type, and press, and library. Dr. Pattison is very fond of speaking of this excellent woman, evidently the best of housekeepers and managers, even in her advanced age, by the endearing and familiar appellation of Florence Casaubon. Was he thinking of Dorothea, we wonder, whose enthusiasm we fear would have been as much in the Huguenot scholar's way, as it was in that of Mr. Casaubon of "Middlemarch"? This is a small affection, quite out of place in the record; for indeed the glimpses we have of the family are very vague, and the good Swiss Frenchwoman contributes but little to the realization of the scene. The household was always, or almost always, poor and struggling, composed of many children, of whom a considerable proportion dropped off and died, leaving no doubt divers gaps in the

hearts of the parents, but no incident to be related, or to call for special notice. Poor, but yet not too poor — able to make shift and drift on, which is all so many of us can do; moving from Geneva to Montpellier much against the will of the former city, which, even when it proved a stepmother to him, did not like to lose her illustrious son; and from thence to Paris. For, while he was still young, the scholar had become illustrious. A poor professor of Greek in a corner of Switzerland, he had become at a comparatively early age a kind of Mont Blanc among the learned men of the time, attracting the notice of the bigger world in a way which no scholar nowadays would be likely to do. There is much more of the commodity to be had now, for one thing; but the chief reason was that learning was having its day in the sixteenth century, and was in fashion — a fact which tells largely with every one of the arts. For another while it was the painter who was in fashion and had a royal reign of it, deriving in most cases more advantage from the high tide which carried him so far, than the scholar with his blinking owl-eyes and absorbing, secluded occupations, could ever do. The professor of Geneva and Montpellier knew more Greek than any other man in the world, by the confession of the learned Scaliger himself; and naturally Paris thirsted to have him, though those were unquiet days for the Huguenots, and the Saint Bartholomew was scarcely out of mind.

It is a curious symptom of those times in which the king was the real fountain of honour, and all men pretending to great reputation came in a monarch's way, that the simple Casaubon, with no pretensions whatever, except those brought to him by his learning, a poor man, the son of a still poorer persecuted Huguenot preacher, was in some degree the friend and favourite of two reigning princes, neither of them inconsiderable men. Henri Quatre, that *re galantuomo*, the last French king, up to Napoleon, whose tradition warms the national heart, entertained the most friendly regard for him, specially exerted himself to attach the scholar to his capital, was fond of talking with him, and showed him many signs of personal favour. He even paid Casaubon the compliment of trying to convert him, being still in the first fervour of his own conversion, and eager to have as many followers as possible; but even the failure of this attempt did not prevent Henri

from fulfilling nobly his vague promises, and committing the charge of the royal library, to which all Catherine de Medici's fine collections had been added, into the stranger's hands—a post more acceptable and more congenial than the chair in the Sorbonne, which had been the limit of Casaubon's desire in coming to France. And when Henri died, and Casaubon went to England, he was received with open arms by another and very different king—no *re galantuomo*, indeed, but a man very much better qualified to judge of the qualities of a scholar—our own uncouth and pedantic but not unliberal James, of whose immediate group of attendants Casaubon became one, having a pension of, Dr. Pattison says, £300 a year secured to him at once, without even the name of an employment to justify this very liberal allowance. Thus, whatever pecuniary difficulties he might have through family burdens or failure of expected inheritances, Casaubon had not much to complain of in the way of neglect. He was not subject, as so many are, to the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” He was not overlooked, nor were his claims slighted. Dr. Pattison is disposed, like so many biographers, to be pathetic over the little rewards attained by so much labour and so many acquirements; but, considering Casaubon's original position, these complaints seem to us extremely unjustifiable. What scholar now, of whatsoever reputation, is likely to see two kingdoms vying to secure his services, and two kings courting his society? Even the income which he received was good, according to the value of money at the time. He saw the finest company of both France and England, had a cardinal to convert him on one side of the Channel, and a bishop to Anglicize him on the other. We do not see what the rector of Lincoln College would have more for his hero. Even kings, to be sure, could not make his good children live, or change the hearts of his troublesome ones. He had some sorrows in this way, it is supposed, from references in his diary, which were past telling. Poor father, with his heart aching and groaning underneath the cheerful, sober aspect which he kept up at the king's elbow! but enough of other men have borne the same.

The circumstances of his attempted conversion are curious and characteristic. The early divines of the Reformation, as Dr. Pattison points out, had made bold

to serve themselves heirs to the early Christian centuries, and to assert that their simple worship and pure belief made them the real successors of the primitive church. This bold assumption carried everything before it, by mere force of utterance, until Rome had a little revived from the shock of the Reformation, and had found, after all, that her weapons were not entirely snatched from her hands. Casaubon, like most others of his faith, had been trained in this theory, which, indeed, with the lively vitality of all strongly announced dogmas, still lives and thrives and holds its own in the Protestant world. But when the more judicious *convertisseurs*, who had just made prize of a king, and had the full tide of popular favour with them, found this mild and learned Huguenot among them, they set to work with much judgment, and, Dr. Pattison thinks, a certain degree of success. Casaubon did not give up his faith like Henri Quatre. Had he been open to mere worldly inducements, the prize held up before him was so much smaller than that which converted the king—a dusty library instead of a glorious kingdom. But the scholar was not subject to temptations of that kind. He was moved, however, by the arguments which Cardinal du Perron brought from the Fathers; and having an eminently candid mind, could not prevent himself from acknowledging that the works of the early Christian writers were not so entirely in favour of Protestant views as he had been led to believe. Dr. Pattison gives us a brief *résumé* of his experiences on this important subject:—

In his disputes with the cardinal he gave up much of the ground which the Calvinist polemics were accustomed to maintain; and it was becoming known that he disapproved the neglect or contempt of Christian antiquity which the Calvinist doctors professed. Especially on the Eucharist he did not conceal that the doctrine of the Catholics was nearer than that of the Calvinist Churches to what he conceived to be the opinion of the ancient Church. We find him admitting to his friends that “there were many weak points in the Protestant system;” that the writings of the Fathers were often “strongly forced to get from them a sense favourable to the Protestant view;” that Du Moulin's position that “Scripture is so plain that it needs no interpretation,” is false and dangerous. We can imagine that his appearances at the Temple of Charenton, often far between, were narrowly watched; and what a scandal must have been created when the man who, a few years before,

thought it a sin to be present at mass, now heard (on Passion Sunday, 1610) a Papist preach, and could approve much—not by any means all—that he said.

Casaubon had thus evidently reached a point, common enough in more modern days, which begins when the candid and open mind, coming fresh out of all the innocent prejudices and dogmas in which it has been trained, and the first associations which have shaped its life, steps into the wider world, expecting to find all lines of separation as clearly drawn as ever—Protestant and Catholic (or whatever else the distinction may be) rigidly and distinctly defined, and no debatable land between them. When, lo! the discovery breaks upon the new adventurer into that broader universe, that he himself is no longer in perfect and entire concord with anybody—that among his enemies and among his friends he is equally in agreement and in disagreement, just as often feeling all his sympathy unwillingly drawn away from his own side, as to it. He finds that he can “approve much, though not by any means all,” which the very ringleader of his adversaries says—and, alas! that he cannot be any longer sure of approving what his own leader and captain of his side gives forth; a curious position, very common nowadays, but not at all common in the more decided and dogmatic sixteenth century. Here his own confession of his sentiments in respect to Du Moulin, the leading pastor of the Huguenots, in the neighbourhood of Paris, comes in with great force to fill up the other side of the picture. It is from an entry in his diary, bearing date the 5th September, 1610.

Communicated, and heard the learned sermon of Du Moulin. I cannot indeed deny that the ancients thought very differently of this sacred mystery, and administered it otherwise. I could wish that we had not departed so far, either from their faith or their ritual. But inasmuch as neither that faith nor that ritual rests upon the explicit Word of God, and I am but a private individual, whose duty it is to follow and not to lead in the Church, I have no just ground for making any change myself, least of all so at a time when every effort is being made to establish all the superstitious figments which ages have accumulated.

Men of this description are the despair of the *convertisseur* in all Churches; they dazzle and tantalize him with hopes, so open are they to conviction, so far as anything can be proved, either to their judgment or heart, till he thinks himself sure of an easy and brilliant conquest;

but, alas! beyond that line no power on earth will lead them. They agree with him on some points, with his direct antagonists on some others; and they have learned to know—a discovery fatal to almost all dogmatical systems—that there is no moral necessity laid upon them to be in absolute agreement, either with one side or the other. The consequence is that neither side has any confidence in, or love for, this order of man. He is distrusted in the party to which he belongs nominally and by origin, and he is a bitter disappointment to the party which had hoped to win him. The reader will find in Dr. Pattison's volume a very interesting conversation reported to have taken place about the same period as the foregoing entry in Casaubon's diary between him and Uytenboogaert, a Dutch preacher of Arminian views, in which the scholar gives similar vent to his doubts. We can extract only a very small portion of this conversation; but the objections will carry much reality and sympathetic feeling, we are sure, to many who are acquainted with the Churches most kindred to that of Geneva. The first objection is in respect to the “*police ecclésiastique*,” and is too long to quote.

2. Nous n'avons plus de dévotion; en l'acte même de faire la sainte cène, comme nous allâmes, quelq'un me demanda comment se porte le coque de vos poules d'Inde? se dire des injures. 3. Pour les malades porter la cène, cela est dans l'antiquité. 4. Pour le baptême, est advenu qu'en un temps extrêmement rude quelq'un portoit son enfant pour estre baptisé à Charenton, l'enfant estant malade à la mort, on ne voulut pas le baptiser devant le prêche; l'enfant mourut, le père se révolta. . . . Je sçay que M. Calvin a esté grand personnage, mais ses disciples empirent les affaires. Il y a un vrai Pharisaïsme. M. Goulart un jour taschoit de faire jurer les Institutions de M. Calvin. Je suis en la plus grande peine du monde. D'un costé et d'autre je suis mal, non obstant qu'il y a des gens doctes, grâces a Dieu, qui m'aiment.

Notwithstanding these objections, nothing could be further from Casaubon's mind than the idea of changing his faith. He might have been, we do not doubt, as good a Catholic as he was a Protestant, with just as many difficulties on one side as the other, and the same sincerity and faithfulness through all, had his career begun in the Church of Rome instead of that of Geneva; but change was not in him. He remained steadfast in spite of all the temptations of king and cardinal,

though it does not seem that it would have grieved him had his children seen fit to take the step which was impossible to himself—as one, but that an unsatisfactory one, of the family did. However, the exertions made for his conversion had a very distinct effect upon him, though not the effect intended. He was, though not a sound Calvinist, a very good Christian. His inclinations had always led him to the literature of Christian rather than of Pagan antiquity. The Fathers were more dear to him than the philosophers or poets, or even historians of old; and the one thing really desirable in life seemed the possibility of being able to give himself up to that study. His arguments with the learned Du Peron were all out of the Fathers; and thus, as Dr. Pattison points out, his mind was directed as a duty to this special class of subjects which attracted his inclinations. This fact became more distinctly apparent when he found his last refuge in England, after the murder of Henry IV. To say refuge is perhaps incorrect; for he was still so much prized in France that only conditional leave of absence, liable to be terminated at any moment, was given him by the French government, and his pension continued to be paid to him all the time he remained in England, where he died at fifty-six, in the summer of the year 1614. Dr. Pattison gives, on the whole, a pleasant picture of King James, who received the scholar with open arms—was never so happy as when he had him at his elbow—and, indeed, troubled the student much by desiring his constant attention, and dragging him after him in his hunting-expeditions.

James's learned repasts have been often described, among others by Hackett: "The reading of some books before him was very frequent while he was at his repast; he collected knowledge by variety of questions which he carved out to the capacity of different persons. Methought his hunting-humour was not off while the learned sat about him at his board; he was ever in chase after some disputable doubt, which he would wind and turn about with the most stabbing objections that ever I heard, and was as pleasant and fellowlike in his discourses as with his huntsmen in the field. Those who were ripe and weighty in their answers were ever designed for some place of credit or profit." . . . Casaubon was rapidly established in the royal favour. The king was insatiable of his conversation, sending for him, and keeping him talking for hours. James talked well himself, liked a good hearer, but was ready—which is

not always the case with good talkers—to listen in return. In graver conversations he was perhaps even superior to what he was in light talk. Casaubon, on his part, was a ready talker; and if his French was not good, his matter was inexhaustible. His memory supplied him with an endless store of diversified information on the topics which James liked best. The conversation was conducted in French, which James spoke fluently, though we may suppose with a Scotch accent. Casaubon, who never could accomplish English, and was compelled by the bishops to stumble on in Latin, found his tongue set free in the royal circle.

Casaubon carried out his favourite tastes, and fulfilled the desires of his new hosts in England by a book of criticism upon the great work, in defence of the Catholic Church, of Baronius, which does not seem to have been successful. Nor did the Huguenot scholar, so far as would appear, find himself particularly happy in England. He missed his books, the thousands of unarranged and uncatalogued MSS. which he had left behind him in Paris, and he found too many friends eager to talk and listen, and ask him to dinner. Even his own personal library he was allowed to have only in instalments, the French authorities being unwilling to lose hold of him; and his wife was frequently abroad, leaving him utterly helpless, weeping and moaning in his diary over the care and troubles that he was so little able to bear. The good Geneva woman who would not learn English and hated the country, and whom, in her homely middle age, Dr. Pattison still insists upon talking of as Florence Casaubon, was evidently one of those wives without whom the life of the spoiled husband, accustomed to depend on her for everything, is a burden to him. She was much away, while the unfortunate man, in the weakness of his declining years, struggled with all the annoyances of a foreign household, and painfully toiled through the necessary studies for his last book. It made no addition to his fame; and his biographer bemoans the unfortunate controversial bias of the times which distracted the scholar from pure classical lore to patristic literature and the arena of polemics. And though Casaubon's life was not a bright one, it ended early enough to escape that dreary record of departures which generally fills the last chapter of an old man's life. A man who dies at fifty-six escapes much which those who survive the threescore and ten have to endure, and in this there

is compensation for his shortened days. He died, having got all the distinctions of which, in his sphere, he was capable—in possession of a fame which extended through Europe, and the support and sympathy of many friends. Henri Quatre had courted him; James of England and Scotland, with still greater warmth, sought his society; Marie de Medici held him fast as in a leash, not willing quite to forego such an honour to the nation. This was what the poor hunted *pasteur's* son of Dauphiné came to by learning and by Greek. We cannot allow that he had very much reason to complain. He was never rich, to be sure, never, to speak more correctly, anything but poor; but if the substantial pudding was now and then defective, the praise never failed, and that is a wonderful compensation. His life was full of toiling and moiling, but for the objects most dear to him, his own cherished and darling aims; and it was so far a successful life. We cannot, with Dr. Pattison, give the world assurance of a man by whom it will be deeply impressed, or of an example profoundly instructive; but yet the stooping figure, the dim, gentle countenance, the thirst for reading, which makes even friends irksome, and all distracting lesser business a burden to him,—makes an agreeable picture, and comes to us full of a certain touching personality. We knew nothing of this being yesterday—to-day he is clear to us with all his fretfulness and feeblenesses—his candid dissatisfaction, yet loyal faith—his blameless life, his dusty researches, his eagerness to read everything at once, his peevish pathetic outcries for the wife whose absence turns all the world upside down. The scholar fits kindly, if not magnificently, into his place in the long and various story of mankind—the story most worth study of any in existence; and we thank Dr. Pattison for the revelation.

Just one word more, however—and the censure is a paltry one—why should all our canons be disturbed by some mischievous printer's devil who has been permitted to spell greek with a small g, and to write french and english in this humiliating way? The rector of Lincoln College can never himself have been guilty of such an affectation; it is worse than calling good Madame Casaubon, excellent, homely housewife, and mother of twenty-two children, jauntily, as if she had been still eighteen, by her pretty Christian name.

From The Spectator.

THE DEAN OF CHESTER ON FASHION.

THE Dean of Chester seems to have given a very thoughtful sermon on fashion to his audience at St. James's, Piccadilly, if we may judge of it by the interesting report in Monday's *Daily News*. He was not as hot against fashion as preachers usually think themselves bound to be, though, perhaps, his moral criticism gained in realism by this sobriety of tone. He thought fashion had its uses; that its changes break up the monotony of life and prevent the stagnation of habit; that its variations fix the attention of men on points not unfrequently of real interest which would be apt otherwise to escape adequate observation, just as fashion gave a stimulus to physical science in the days of Charles II., and has often given a stimulus to true philanthropic reforms, moral, social, and political, in our own; and again, that the fixed conventions of society take a good deal of trouble and consideration off the minds and hands of people who would otherwise find it very anxious and onerous work to choose among all the small alternatives which, as it is, fashion decides promptly for them. But the evils of fashion, according to the preacher, corresponded very nearly to these advantages. If made much of, it is apt to break up men's thought into ripples quite too minute for coherence and steadiness in pursuits which aim at higher than temporary and capricious ends; again, it diverts attention from important subjects which really need it, to subjects which do not; and as fashion is more and more magnified, instead of economizing power by settling indifferent matters which would otherwise absorb time and effort, it wastes power by erecting purely conventional trifles into matters of great moment. In short, if we interpret Dean Howson's drift aright, the use of fashion is to guide our judgment in trifles in which it is usually better to go with the crowd, than to try to have a mind of our own; while its abuse consists in making it a matter of first-rate importance that we should imitate the crowd, whereas the only advantage of imitating the crowd is the economy of moral and intellectual effort on insignificant points thereby secured to us. As regards the sequences and changes of fashion, Dean Howson even ventured to suggest that they might be regarded as in some sense the expressions of a sort of law of social phenomena.

na, which, like some laws of physical phenomena, may turn out to be of more importance than the phenomena themselves. Why fashion passes from light to serious or from serious to light, why it becomes now simple and now highly artificial, why it patronizes the uttermost idealism in art to-day and the stiffest realism to-morrow, why it is openly frivolous in one generation and ostentatiously earnest in the next,—this may really be a matter of more significance and better worth studying, than any particular fashion which may be in question. Even though you attach no great importance to following the fashion, the question why the fashion is what it is, may be a really important one, and the Dean of Chester may very probably be right in holding that changes in fashion are subject to something like an intelligible law of their own, instead of being the result of a confusion of various laws whose joint action is practically incalculable from the number of interferences with each other involved. Imitation is no doubt, as Dr. Howson says, the principle of fashion; but in selecting what they shall imitate, how they shall set the ball rolling, the leaders of fashion are no doubt influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by some weariness of mood, or some unsatisfied craving, which really determines the new direction of the tide. And the secret of that weariness or craving may be worth knowing.

But the Dean of Chester, with all his thoughtfulness, does not appear to have struck on the greatest of all the moral uses of fashion, though his text—"The fashion of this world passeth away"—would have been less of a pun, if he had hit upon it. Of course, as the Dean warned his audience, the "fashion of this world" in St. Paul's sense, only included what we call fashion, as an abstract idea includes all that can by any means be brought under it. Of course, what St. Paul was speaking of was "the form (*τὸ σκῆμα*) of this world, its external sequences and temporary order as a whole; and only so far as human fashion is a part of this great pageantry, which in all probability it was not consciously to St. Paul's thought at the moment, could it be supposed that he was referring to it when he said, "The fashion of this world passeth away." But what he certainly was referring to was the whole temporary order and visible spectacle of the society in which he lived, including the highest as well as the lowest visible

phenomena, the signs of human affection, the grief and laughter of the heart, no less than the commercial habits and the domestic institutions of society and the outward shows of the physical universe: and he classed them all together because he regarded all as mere temporary manifestations of something that would endure, but that would endure in a very different shape from that in which it then existed. Hence we think the passage on which the Dean of Chester was commenting would have been taken in a somewhat more real and less strained sense, if he had insisted on one of the greatest of all uses of fashion,—the tendency of its essential changefulness, if not caprice, to create a hunger for the realities which do not change,—realities which can alone make the spectacle of the constant flux of tastes and habits in human society tolerable to the human heart. No doubt St. Paul was not referring more to that changefulness which expresses restlessness, than to that changefulness which comes of a direct law of change like the changes in external nature. It was the temporary character of all that is seen, that he was dilating on, not specially the fickleness of human life. But no doubt, too, the dean's subject, "fashion," does bring home to us the transitoriness of the outsides of things more closely than any other variable element in the external universe, for whether it is really so or not, fashion appears to be variable by preference and design; inconstancy is as it were, the excellence of fashion; indeed the only thing it would like to perpetuate is innovation. Incessant transformation is, according to science, the law of the universe, heat being only another form of motion, and nervous action, it is believed, only another form of heat; but in these cases the mind assumes, at all events, a sameness beneath the difference, and under the name of the "correlation of forces" asserts that every such change of force is more apparent than real, and that "something called "force" persists through every change. But "fashion," in the technical sense, is change from which all trace of permanence is purposely, as far as possible, excluded. It is the symbol of a perpetual weariness and incessant unrest. And for that very reason, it drives the mind more than any other kind of change into the longing for "a repose that ever is the same." More than any other element in the whirl of life, the whirl of fashion

makes the head grow giddy and the heart dry; nor is this wonderful, for it is not mere external change, but the changefulness of *desire* which fags us, and scorches up the reserve of living power in us.

Dean Howson would probably say that it would be a little odd to enumerate as one of the *uses* of fashion, that it repels men till they come within the attraction of the opposite pole of that great magnet of the universe which is constituted in equal proportions of permanence and change. If that be correct, why should we not say with equal accuracy that it is one of the great uses of the contemplative or the habitual life to throw one back on the whirl of fashion? We should reply, that as regards mere conventional, or even mere monotonous habit, that might be said with equal truth. It is the result, and a good result, of a groove of mere dull habit, that it excites the craving for change simply as change, change which wakes up the life within the inanimate chrysalis. Nor does the scorn which religion tries to inspire for the "fashion of this world, which passeth away," ever lead anybody back again to the life of mere habit; on the contrary, the thirst for something more real than perpetual change, once experienced, can never be slaked by a return to the life of routine. It is the use as well as the abuse of the quick, rapid, frivolous life, that it renders the dull, unmeaning life of "unconscious cerebration," as physiologists call mere habit, intolerable, and obliges all who are not lost in the fascination of a whirl of shallow interests, none of which last beyond the day, to seek springs of deeper interest, all of which are permanent. The life of mere change, however rapid and fickle, is more of a human life than the life of mere routine, which is hardly conscious life at all, but only a physical preparation for life;

but then the life which seeks to make the form (or fashion) express and embody something permanent and eternal, is a much higher life than either. To feed a mind on change is impossible, but to feed it on what is permanent in change, is not only possible, but the most truly natural of all human procedures. The use of the whirl of external change is to rouse and then to repel,—to awaken the hunger and thirst of men by giving them some conception of the scale and the velocity of the social universe, and then to sicken them of a process which does not satisfy, though it excites the deepest of their cravings. It is impossible to doubt that the original preachers of an eternal life had felt a considerable fascination for the transitory elements of transitory excitement in their own youth. St. John surely could hardly have denounced "the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life," as being "not of the Father, but of the world," without having keenly felt them; and St. Paul's own knowledge of the world, which was evidently wide, could not have been gained without a great insight into the secret of its attractions. "The world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever," is the saying of one who knew profoundly the fascinations of the ripple caused by the poorer excitements of life, and knew that the craving for them could only be quenched by a deeper and more permanent spring of pure feeling. Fashion, high or low, the eager current of social excitements, is one of the best of all the witnesses to the vanity of change, and the yearning for a life in what is permanent. If the changes which fashion introduces teach something, the protest it awakens against living in what is liable to pass away, teaches much more.